

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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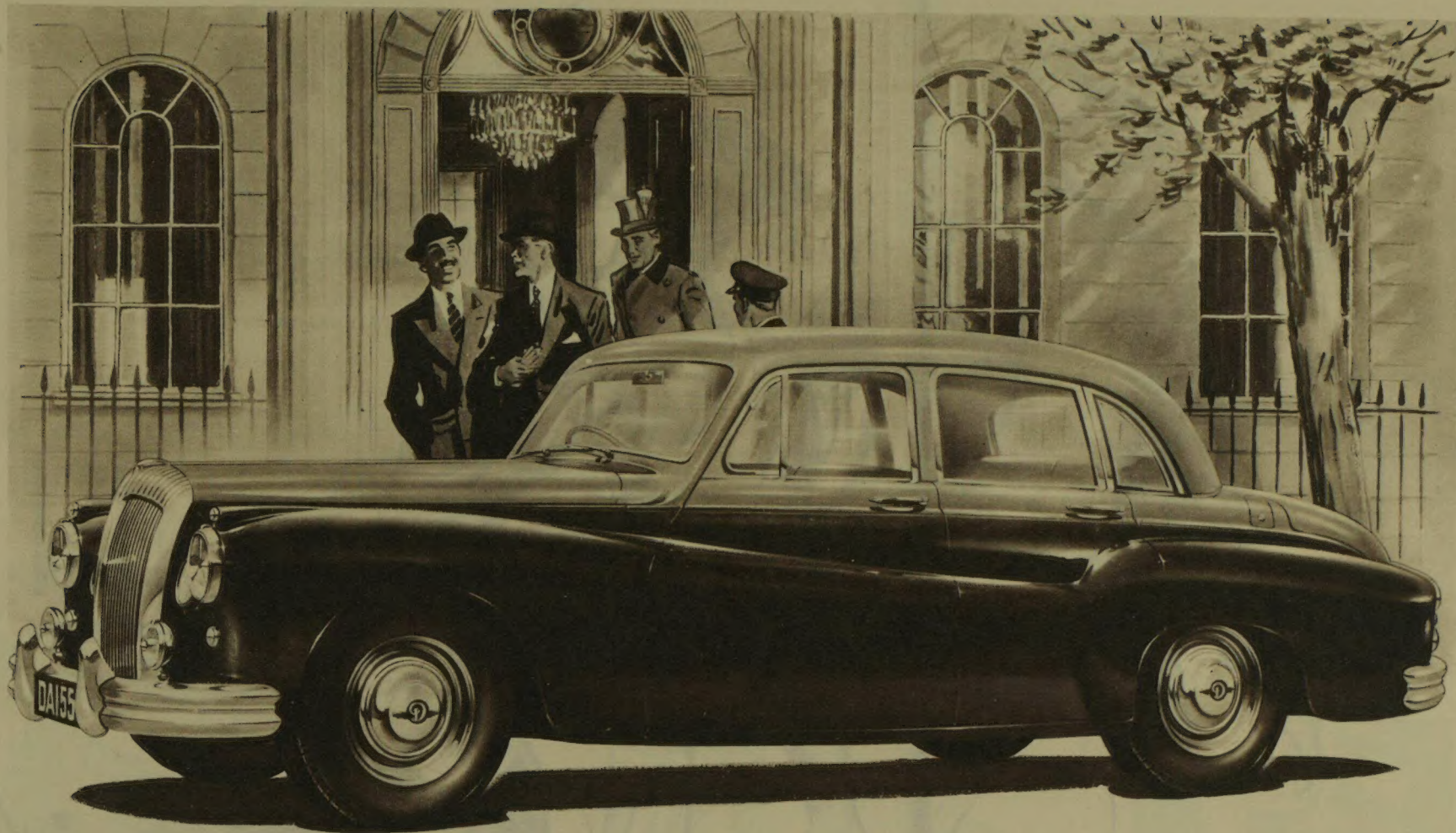


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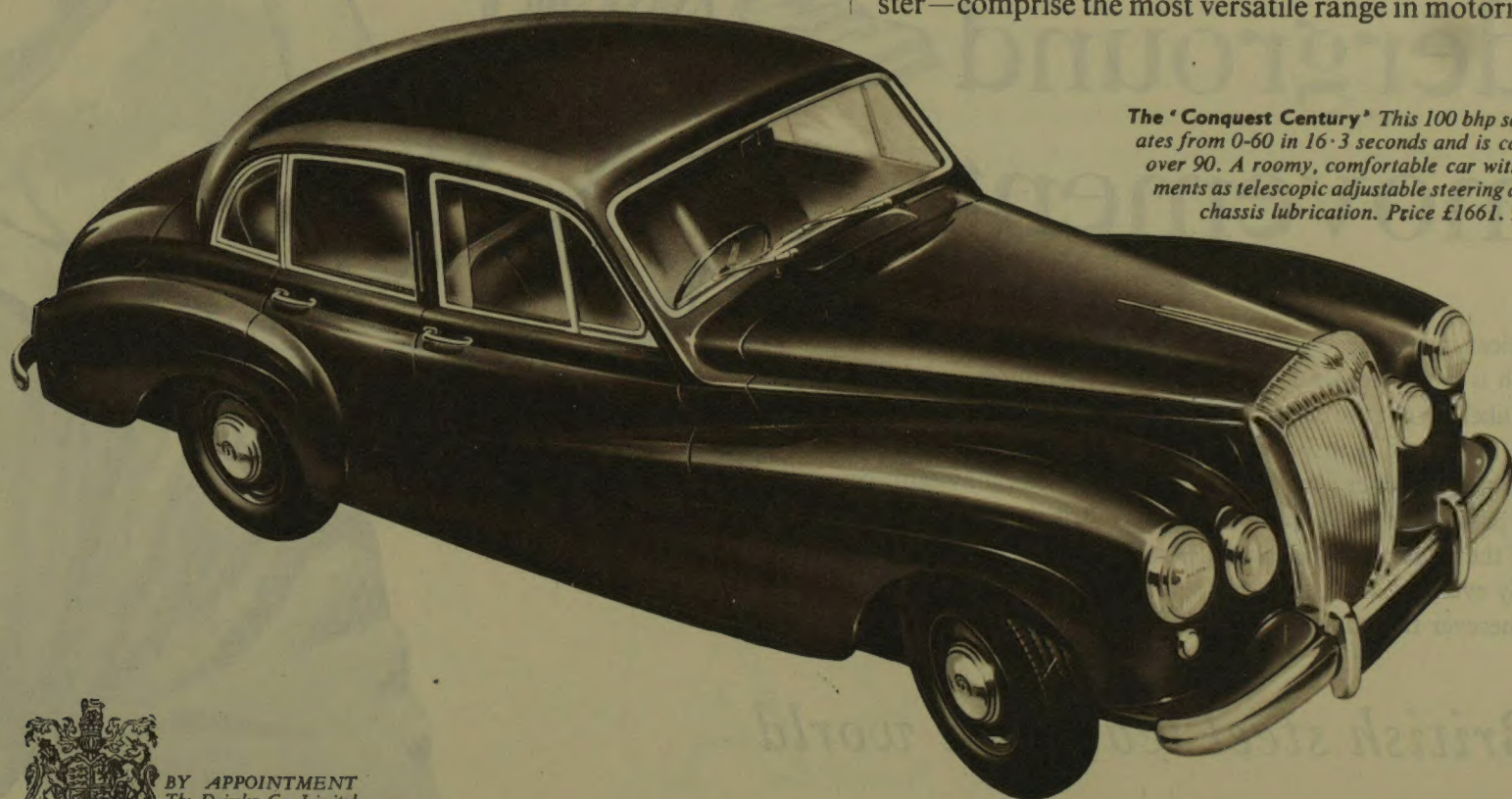
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D256





# Underground movement

African gold; Arabian oil; British coal — wherever the wealth of the earth is won steel lends a hand with the winning.

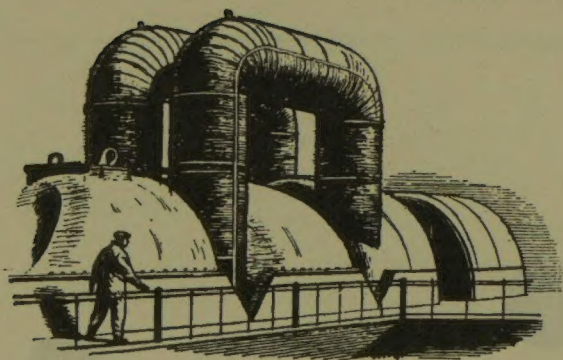
As likely as not the cutters, the winches, the drills and the engines are made in Britain, of British steel. Every year thousands of tons of mining and drilling machinery leave Britain for the Commonwealth countries.

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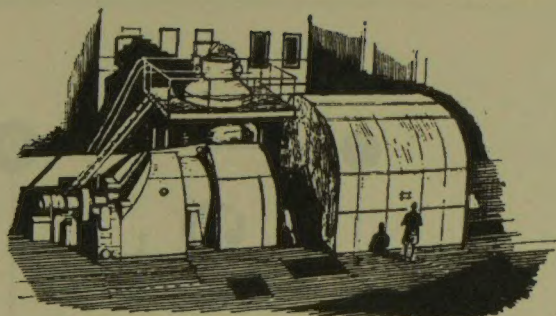
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100,000 kW turbo-alternator  
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&



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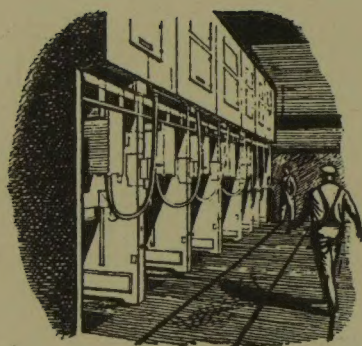


Cathode ray tubes  
by The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.

&

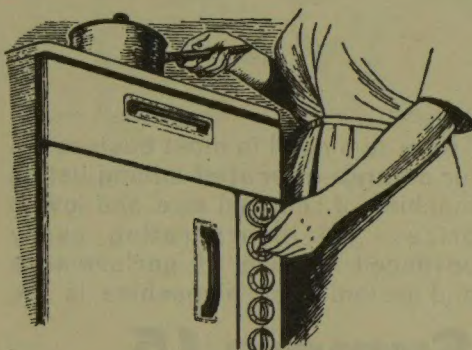


Washing machine  
by The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.



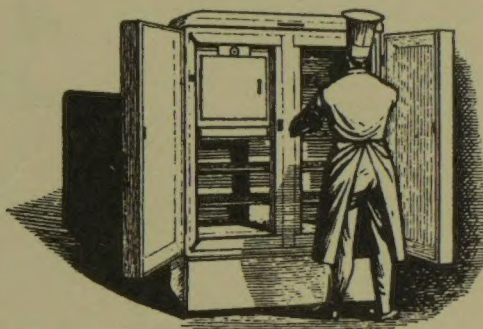
33 kV power station switchgear  
by Ferguson Pailin Ltd.

&



Simmer switch precision control  
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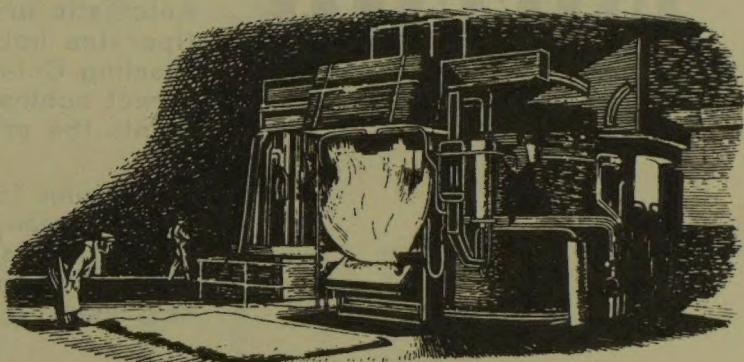


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by International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.



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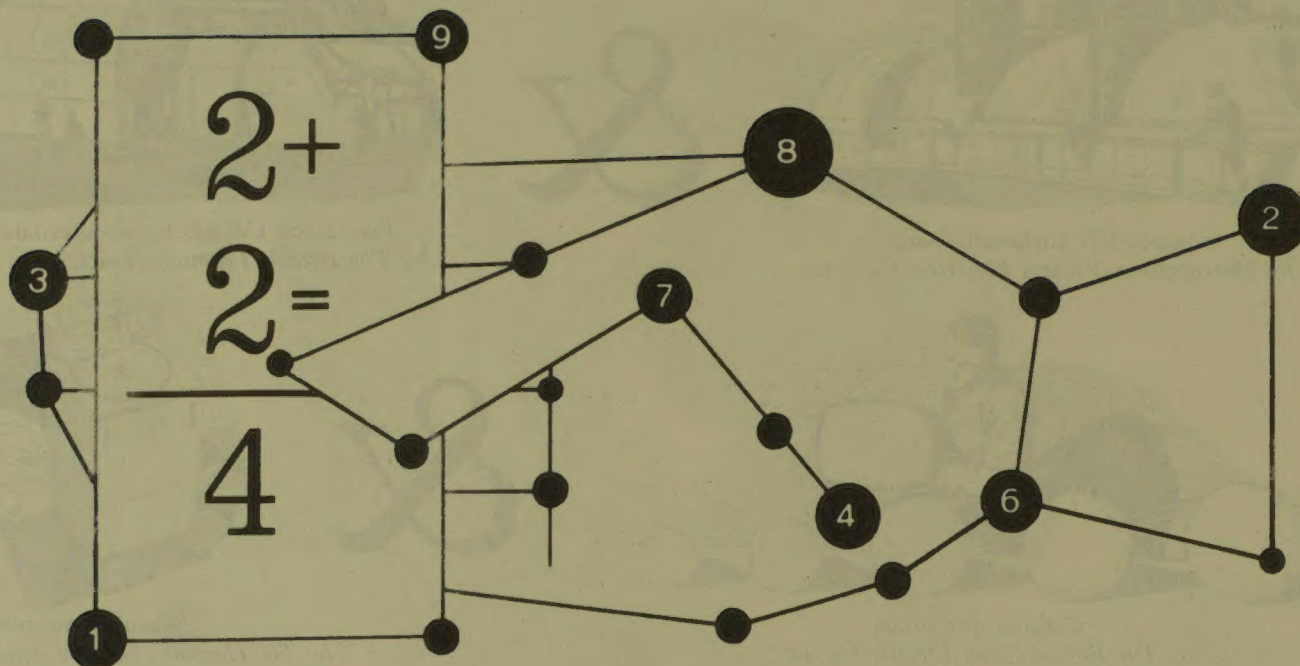
To A.E.I., the Associated Electrical Industries, partnership is much more than an ideal or a friendly word. As the parent company of nine individual manufacturers it brings them into a great and practical partnership—a partnership of

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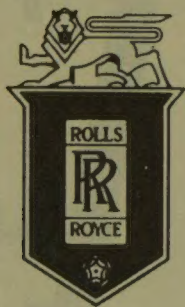
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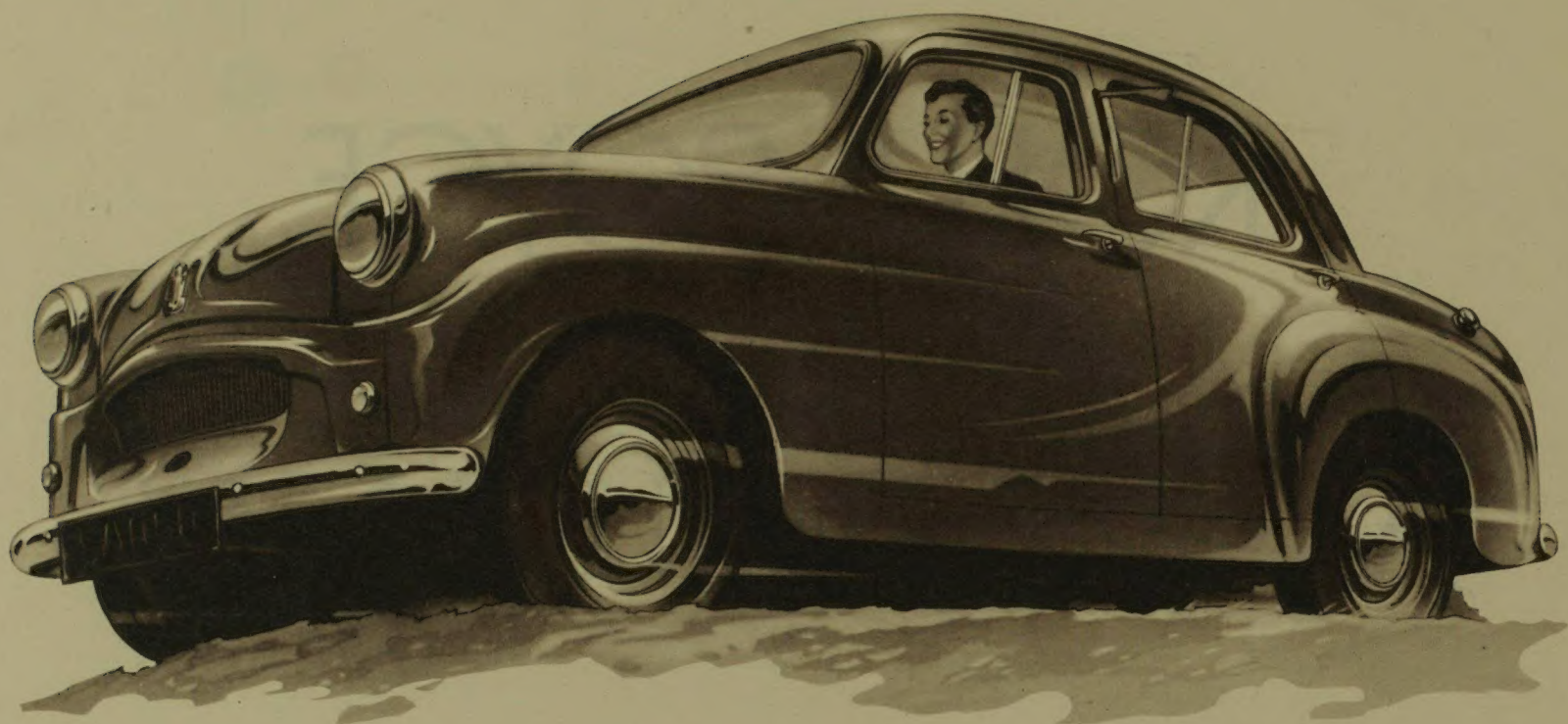


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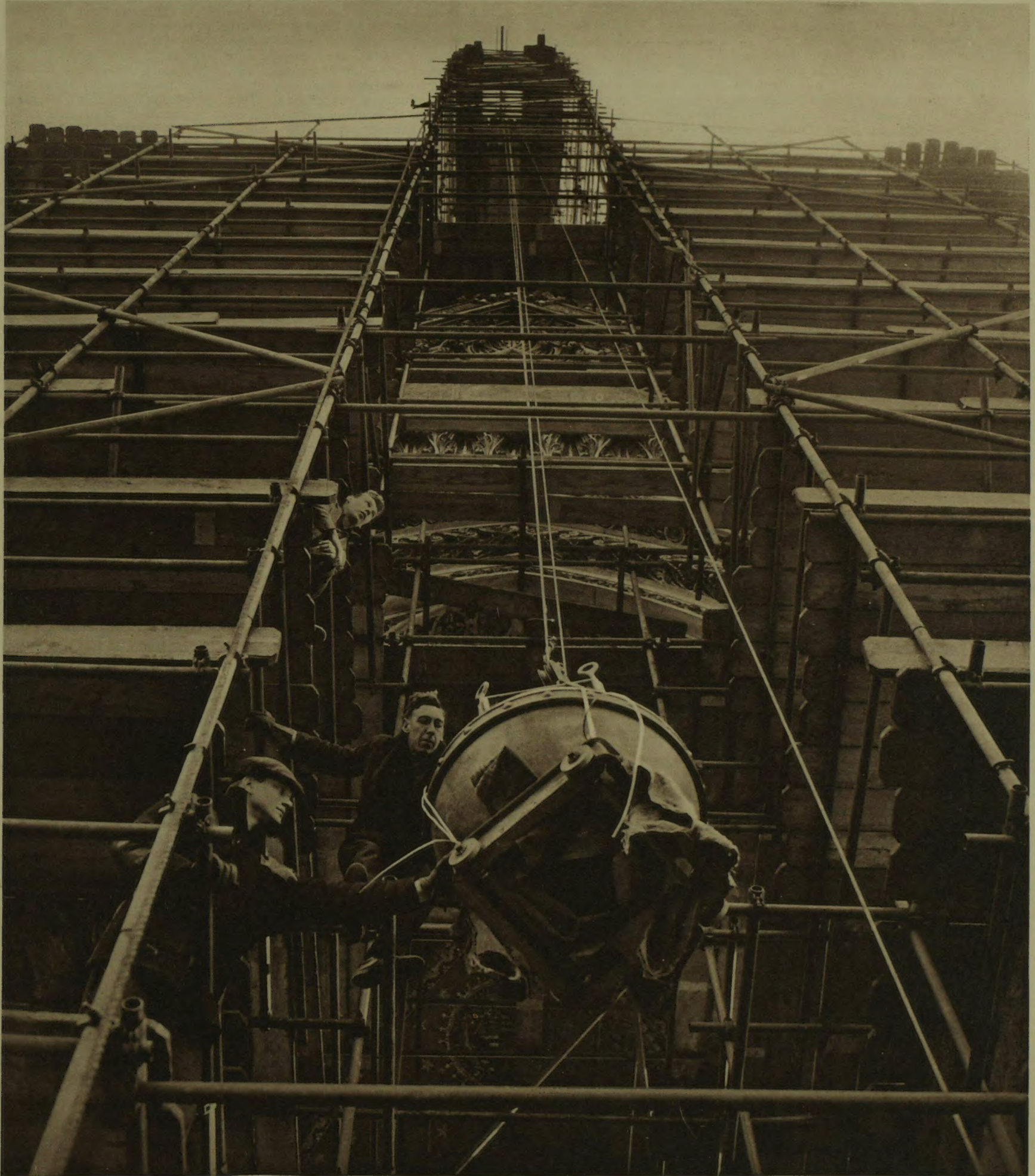




# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1955.



LAST STAGES IN REPAIR WORK ON THE ALBERT MEMORIAL: HAULING UP THE BRONZE ORB.

The Albert Memorial—the national monument to Queen Victoria's husband, the Prince Consort—one of London's best-known landmarks, was damaged during the recent war. The work of restoration, which began over a year ago, is nearing completion, and the Ministry of Works, under whose supervision the repairs have been carried out, hope that by the end of the month the scaffolding which has surrounded the monument for many months will have been removed and that it will be seen again in its lavish Victorian-Gothic splendour. The orb and the cross at the apex suffered damage, and a new orb

was hauled into position on March 10—an operation requiring care owing to the weight of the orb and the height of the monument—175 ft. The Memorial, which was designed by Sir G. Gilbert Scott, cost £120,000, and was unveiled in 1872, while the huge bronze statue of the Prince by Foley, which occupies a seated position under a Gothic spire in the centre of the structure, was unveiled four years later. The memorial is enriched with coloured stones, marble and mosaics, all of which have been cleaned, while the statues, including groups at the angles of the pedestal, and the marble reliefs have been repaired.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MOST of the subjects debated at Westminster, though doubtless interesting to those in the place, give little pleasure to those outside it. We all of us appreciate the gravity of such topics as atom bombs, taxes, the administration of the public health service, our relations with the Russians, Chinese and Egyptians, arterial roads and parking-places, but they seldom touch our hearts. But when the other morning I read in the paper that our legislators had been debating home rule for Wales, my heart gave a leap of irrational joy. This was partly because I have a sneaking wish to see home rule given to England—a country whose name an Englishman cannot mention in a public journal without calling down on himself the most indignant protests from the other peoples who share these islands with us. For if these more insistent races, I feel, were given the right to govern themselves, they might concede to the easy-going English, who constitute the other nine-tenths of the population of Britain, the right to call themselves what they like! Yet there is another reason why the idea of Welsh home rule evokes a response in me that has nothing to do with reason at all. When during the war, after a lecture in a Glamorganshire mining valley, my audience asked me how it was that I did not speak to them in the sing-song voice of the other English lecturers sent to them by the Ministry of Information, I was able to reply that one of my names was Wynne and another Morgan! For these are names not unknown in the Principality, and when anyone speaks to me of Wales I am able to feel, for all my stolid Englishry, a glow of hereditary pride and affection. Nor, whatever the arguments against it—and I know they are very sound and weighty—can I help sympathising with the advocates of Welsh home rule or semi-home rule. If they want a Senate or "Senedd," say I, let them have it, even if it sends up their rates!

Moreover, I am a reader and writer of history. When in the House of Commons Mr. Cledwyn Hughes, from the pleasant isle of Anglesey, said that the Government of Wales Bill would give dignity to a nation which had deserved better for hundreds of years, my mind went back to the wild Wales that existed before the English had tamed it and before that great soldier, the "ruthless King" of Gray's poem, had extinguished the independence of Gwynedd. Divided by ancient tribal and dynastic feuds, its southern and central valleys had already been colonised after the Conquest by Norman adventurers who had brought them under the sovereignty, though not the direct rule, of the kings of England. But their penetration was only valley-deep. Around them the ancient life of mountain Cambria, half-warlike, half-pastoral, continued as it had done for a thousand years. Its people lived by raiding and keeping cattle and sheep. In the summer they fed them on the hill pastures, or *hafod*; in the winter on the lowlands, or *hendre*. So wild was that sparsely-populated countryside that two pilgrimages to St. David's were regarded by pious Englishmen as the equal in peril and hardship of one to Jerusalem. Its few minute towns were huddled for safety around the Marchers' castles; its very churches, squat and austere and crowning tactical vantage-points, resembled forts. Its petty "kings" or *brenins* spent their summer days in forays on one another and the *Saxon*, and their winters listening to their bards and harpers nostalgically commemorating the glories of old. With their golden torques and white dresses, their bands of young warriors and proud memories of ancient victory, they deemed it "ignoble to die in bed and an honour to fall in the field of battle." Every spring at their summons the clansmen set out along the cloud-hidden tracks above the valleys to burst in a torrent on some rival tribe or on the distant English farms. It had been so ever since the days of the Romans.

For, though they could never refrain from quarrelling with one another, the Welsh tribesmen were magnificent fighters. War was their occupation, and training for war their education. Under their laws six weeks of every summer was spent in marauding expeditions and their entire youth in arms ready for instant service at their chieftains' call. Unlike the gross English, they were not pinned down by husbandry and harvest; they were used from birth to live hard and travel light. Able to subsist through a campaign on the whey of their mountain goats, they needed no commissariat like their enemies. They had evolved in the hills of the south a new and terrifying weapon: the long-bow of Gwent, whose arrows, fired far faster than a cross-bow, could pin an armoured knight to his horse's side. Their sudden, swift-footed charge with javelin, sword and blowing war-horn down glen or hillside could break the nerve of all but the hardest,

and, though quickly discouraged if withstood, their power of recoil after defeat was almost miraculous. With their bare, sinewy legs; their squat bodies wrapped in scarlet plaid, and their capacity to live out of doors in the depth of winter, they seemed as impervious to weather as the rocks among which they lay in ambush. Their trackless terrain and climate of mist and driving rain made any ordinary campaign against them utterly profitless. Punitive expedition after expedition of English knights advanced up their mountain valleys only to withdraw, famished, horseless and empty-handed, after a few months in that starve-acre land.

*"Grevouse est la guerre et dure à l'endurer  
Quand ailleurs est l'été, en Galles est hiver."*

wrote a disgusted Anglo-Norman poet.

It was natural that a people, who for centuries had viewed cattle-stealing as a branch of agriculture and war against one another and the Saxon as the poetry of life, did not take kindly to the gradual extension up their valleys of English common law. Why should they have done? Its slow and elaborate process seemed to them only tricks for evading justice, its pursuit of truth by a laborious interchange of pieces of parchment an affront to hot-blooded men in search of their rights. Under the rule of the great athelings and the Normans and Angevin kings the English had mastered political lessons far in advance of the Welsh or even of their most civilised Continental neighbours. They had learnt to keep the King's peace,

to pay taxes, to abide by a single law, to take personal part in an administrative and legal hierarchy that stretched from the parish and manorial court to the council of the realm in parliament. But their system was far too centralised and complex to be intelligible to a primitive, pastoral people. And the laws they imported to the Celtic borderland were too often applied in a narrow, pedantic spirit. The assumption of English judges and administrators that everything Welsh was beneath contempt aroused deep resentment wherever their sober rule was extended. Though far more efficient than any rulers Wales had known, and convinced that they were bringing civilisation and justice to a backward people, the bureaucrats of England and the County Palatine imposed a straitjacket on the life of an ancient community.

It was this that made the quarrel between Edward I. and Prince Llywellyn II. of Gwynedd—both great men—such a tragic affair, not only for the loser in that struggle, but for the Welsh people for generations. For though Wales had never been a kingdom, and only a handful of her people then thought of her as a nation, the Welsh loved their country. They loved its soil, its traditions, its speech and faith. "I am

persuaded," an old Welshman had told Henry II. a century before, "that no other race than this and no other tongue than of Wales, happen what may, will answer in the great day of judgment for this little corner of earth." And the Welsh did not like to be ruled or judged by Englishmen, however just and efficient. They had been accustomed from time immemorial, not to nationhood, but to governing themselves. Most of them preferred to be ruled by an unjust fellow-countryman than by an upright foreigner—a thing no Englishman could understand. That was why, though many Welshmen fought against them in their lifetime, after their deaths Llywellyn and his brother David became heroes not only to the mountaineers of their native Gwynedd but to the people of Wales as a whole. And when the other day two gentlemen named Davies and Hughes introduced a Bill in an English or British Parliament giving Welshmen a greater right to govern—or misgovern—themselves, even though that Bill was successfully opposed by a Welshman named Llewellyn and by another named Lloyd George—and what more glorious names can a Welshman bear?—something in my half-Welsh bones prompted me to fancy that history will out and that in the long run blood, and the feeling that springs from blood, will prove stronger than interest and reason.

Yet this is my country, beloved by me best,  
The first land that rose from chaos and the flood:  
Nursing no fat valleys for comfort and rest,  
Trampled by no hard hooves, stained with no blood.  
Bold immortal country whose hill-tops have stood  
Strongholds for the proud Gods when on earth they go,  
Terror for fat burghers in far plains below!

\* Robert Graves, "Rocky Acres." Collected Poems. (Cassell.)

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A REPRODUCTION AND QUOTATION FROM  
"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF FEBRUARY 24, 1855.



"THE ROYAL SLEDGE-DRIVE IN HYDE-PARK."

"On Saturday a number of sleighs were driven on the ice; but, on account of the vast number of persons there, and the fear of the masses congregating to one spot, it was considered dangerous, and was prohibited. In St. James's-park, the number of sliders and skaters was very great. . . . On Monday morning much excitement was produced in Hyde-park by the appearance of the Queen and Prince Albert, with the Princess Alice, in a sledge. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness were followed by the Hon. Mary Seymour, the Hon. Matilda Paget, and Lord Alfred Paget, in a second sledge. Captain the Hon. de Ros attended on horse back." It is interesting to note that the sledge used by Queen Victoria on this occasion is preserved in the Royal Mews, Windsor. A photograph of it is reproduced on page 521 of this issue, by gracious permission of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II.





THE THERMO-INSULATED STRONG-ROOMS ARE BUILT AS SEPARATE SELF-CONTAINED UNITS INTO THE SOLID ROCK GALLERIES: A UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARD IS ON DUTY DAY AND NIGHT; BURGLAR ALARMS ARE CONNECTED DIRECTLY WITH POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



EXCEPT TO TENANTS OR AUTHORISED AGENTS, ADMITTANCE IS BY APPOINTMENT ONLY: THE ENTRANCE IS BY MEANS OF A SLOPING SHAFT DESCENDING TO A DEPTH OF 100 FT. THROUGH THE SOLID ROCK, PROTECTED BY BLAST-PROOF DOORS.



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A MICROFILM ABOUT TO BE PLACED ON THE READER IN AN UNDERGROUND OFFICE: MICROFILM RECORDS ARE READILY ACCESSIBLE IN OFFICES ABOVE OR BELOW GROUND.

#### OFFERING FULL PROTECTION IN THIS H-BOMB AGE: THE WANSDYKE UNDERGROUND DEPOSITORY FOR RECORDS AND VALUABLES.

A hundred miles from London, 100 ft. underground, the newly-opened Wansdyke Depository, in Wiltshire, has been constructed to preserve vital records—from ancient archives to modern microfilms—in conditions of absolute safety. The storage areas are in galleries carved out of solid rock, claimed to be secure against fire, blast, radiation, atmospheric variation and theft. The main storage gallery is strengthened with reinforced concrete, and the sole entrance is through a Chubb anti-blowpipe steel door. Burglar alarms are connected directly with police headquarters, and uniformed security guards are on duty day and night. All storage areas are fully air-conditioned and further protected against atmospheric

changes by air-locks at the entrance. Standard steel lockers may be rented as ordinary safe deposits; private vaults can be constructed to the specifications of tenants; and strong-rooms are available to house deed boxes, safes and filing cabinets. Undeveloped space may be developed by tenants who prefer to be entirely self-contained, within the over-all security arrangements. There are private offices equipped with microfilm readers, and telephones above and below ground. This depository is claimed to be the safest, most accessible and efficient ever made available in Britain. It is perhaps comparable with the Iron Mountain Atomic Storage Vaults, Hudson, New York, described in our issue of January 29.



## A PADDLE STEAMER'S "DRY" LAST VOYAGE.



MAKING HER LAST STRANGE VOYAGE: THE OLD U.S. LAKE STEAMER *TICONDEROGA* BEING DRAWN BY A WINCH OVERLAND TO THE SHELBURNE MUSEUM.



CHOCKING THE CRADLE FIRMLY IN PLACE AS MORE TRACK IS LAID AHEAD FOR THE DRY VOYAGE: WORKMEN BENEATH THE HULL OF THE *TICONDEROGA*.



WHERE *TICONDEROGA* WILL REST AT THE END OF HER LAST VOYAGE: A MODEL SHOWING THE STEAMER'S POSITION BESIDE BUILDINGS IN THE MUSEUM.

The veteran Lake Champlain steamer *Ticonderoga* is now making her final voyage, a dry one, to permanent retirement at the Shelburne Museum, in Shelburne, Vermont, U.S.A. The 9000-ft. journey by land is taking three months and the forty-eight-year-old steamer, on a railway flat-wagon, is being moved only 200 ft. a day. *Ticonderoga* is the last of a proud fleet of twenty-nine sidewheelers which once plied the waters of Lake Champlain, and during her service she made the equivalent of fifty trips round the world. At the end of the journey across fields, swamps, woods, roads and railways, the old steamer will rest on the lawn of the Shelburne Museum in a concrete and steel foundation. Her paddle wheels will be turned by electricity to remind visitors to the museum, particularly those of future generations, of a bygone era in steam navigation.

## PARACHUTE-JUMPING PRACTICE IN THE JUNGLE.

During his recent visit to the Far East the Foreign Secretary, Sir Anthony Eden, made a rapid tour of military establishments and units engaged in operations against the terrorists in Malaya. At the depot of the Special Air Service Regiment he saw men in training, and a practice of parachute-jumping in the jungle. These photographs, taken at a practice jump in the Negri Sembilan jungle by Special Air Service personnel, show the type of training watched by the Foreign Secretary. For a "pass" ten jumps have to be made, but missing trees and landing on the ground does not now count. The men, who are all volunteers, "anchor" their parachutes in the high branches of the jungle trees. Each man has 200 ft. of strong web rope to lower himself to the ground. This type of tough training, essential for attacking bandits in deep jungle, involves broken bones from time to time when the parachute fails to catch securely in the branches.



PARACHUTE-JUMPING IN THE JUNGLE: A MAN JUST LANDING IN A 150-FT.-HIGH TREE IN WHICH HE HOPES THE PARACHUTE WILL CATCH IN THE BRANCHES.



CAUGHT IN THE BRANCHES: THE PARACHUTE "ANCHORED" IN THE TREE, WITH THE MAN SWINGING BELOW ON HIS HARNESS BEFORE LOWERING HIMSELF ON A ROPE.



ONE OF THE MEN WHO MISSED THE JUNGLE TREES: A PARATROOPER LANDING ON A "LALLANG" SLOPE (COARSE GRASS) IN NEGRI SEMBILAN.



## AN ARMED CAMP ONLY FIVE MILES FROM THE CHINESE MAINLAND: SCENES IN NATIONALIST-HELD QUEMOY ISLAND.

QUEMOY, the largest and most important off-shore island held by the Chinese Nationalists, lies off the port of Amoy and, to all intents and purposes, blockades it. About half of the 70-square-mile island is embraced by the mainland, at distances varying from 5 to 10 miles; and the waters between are shallow. In the island, which is virtually an armed camp, are about 60,000 Nationalist troops under the command of the tried veteran, Lieut.-General Liu Yu-chen. These troops are of high morale and well supplied with American equipment; and the island itself is honey-combed with defensive positions, and underground ammunition dumps; and there are many concreted gun positions.

*(Continued below, left.)*

(RIGHT.) WHERE NATIONALIST CHINA FACES COMMUNIST CHINA: LOOKING FROM THE SHORES OF QUEMOY, THE VIEW ACROSS THE NARROW SHALLOW STRAITS TO THE MAINLAND HILLS.



IN THE STREETS OF QUEMOY: THE ISLAND IS CRAMMED WITH NATIONALIST SOLDIERS, AND THE LOCAL SHOPKEEPERS ARE ENJOYING A PERIOD OF GREAT PROSPERITY.



A BAFFLING PIECE OF DEFENCE WORK IN QUEMOY—THIN WIRE AND BROKEN BOTTLES, PERHAPS DESIGNED TO DETER BAREFOOT THIEVES OR TYRED VEHICLES.

*Continued.]*

Strengthening of these defences is going on continuously. The Communists have attacked Quemoy before, in October 1949, when 200 motorised junks and 20,000 men were repulsed with very heavy losses. The Foreign Office have stated that they would like to see, as a first step by the Chinese Nationalists, the withdrawal of their forces; but the American attitude on Quemoy and Matsu Islands is somewhat stiffer, presumably in deference to public opinion in the United States. Both Communists and Nationalists have appeared intransigent on the subject; and with so many questions of "face" involved, Quemoy might well be the scene of large-scale fighting.



A WAR MEMORIAL: A STATUE OF THE UNKNOWN CHINESE SOLDIER. WHEN THE COMMUNISTS ASSAULTED QUEMOY IN 1949, THEY SUFFERED HEAVY LOSSES.



NATIONALIST SOLDIERS READING A WALL NEWSPAPER IN QUEMOY: NEWS BULLETINS ARE BROADCAST BY PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEMS FROM 5.30 A.M.



## NEW CIVIL AND SERVICE AIRCRAFT, AND THE NEVADA ATOM TESTS.



TAKING OFF ON HER 6070-MILE FLIGHT TO JOHANNESBURG, WHICH SHE COVERED IN UNDER 19 HOURS: THE TURBO-PROPELLER BRISTOL BRITANNIA AIR-LINER.

The first production model of Britain's latest turbine-propeller air-liner, the Bristol *Britannia* is shown taking off on her long journey. The *Britannia* accomplished the 6070 miles in under 19 hours. Her actual flying time was 17 hours 24 mins., one minute faster than the *Comet's* scheduled performance. Only one stop was made for refuelling, at Khartoum. The *Britannia* is to undergo five weeks of flight-testing in Africa, including three weeks on hot-weather trials at Khartoum, in temperatures close to 100 degrees.



THE MAIDEN FLIGHT OF A NEW FRENCH SWEEP-WING JET-PROPELLED INTERCEPTOR FIGHTER: THE SUPER MYSTÈRE B-1 SHOWS ITS PACES.

On March 2 the new French jet-propelled aircraft, the *Super Mystère* B-1, took off for its maiden flight. The new aircraft broke through the sound-barrier on two occasions during its trial run. It will be used as an interceptor by the French Air Force.



A NEW HEAVY BOMBER FOR THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE: THE LATEST VERSION OF THE BOEING B-52 STRATOFORTRESS JET BOMBER WHICH COMES INTO OPERATIONAL USE THIS SPRING, WHEN IT IS DELIVERED TO THE 93RD BOMB WING OF THE U.S.A.F., STATIONED AT CASTLE AIR FORCE BASE, CALIFORNIA. IT IS POWERED BY EIGHT TURBO-JET ENGINES AND HAS A RANGE OF OVER 6000 MILES.



AFTERMATH OF THE BIGGEST ATOMIC EXPLOSION OF 1955: (ABOVE) TWENTY MINUTES AFTER THE EXPLOSION, THE ATOM CLOUD, SEEN FROM MT. CHARLESTON, STARTS TO DRIFT AWAY. (RIGHT) THE INITIAL FIREBALL FROM THE BLAST RISES RAPIDLY TO 40,000 FEET.

The biggest explosion so far in the 1955 series of nuclear tests at Yucca Flat, in the Nevada Desert, occurred on March 7. The flash was seen up to 700 miles away, near the Canadian border. For the first time since the Nevada tests began, scientists in a control tower had to leave their position soon after the explosion, and troop manoeuvres which were to have followed were cancelled. As usual, the American Atomic Energy Commission did not disclose the nature of the device being tested, but it is believed it may well have been some kind of atomic trigger for use with a hydrogen bomb.



ATOMIC BOMBS DETONATED 500 FT. UP TO AVOID A WIDESPREAD FALL-OUT: ONE OF THE FOUR TOWERS FROM WHICH ATOMIC DEVICES HAVE BEEN SET OFF.



# NEAR AND FAR: PARACHUTING FROM THE GROUND, AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



PARACHUTING TO SAFETY FROM THE GROUND: THE NEW EJECTOR-SEAT DEVICE WHICH THROWS THE PILOT CLEAR FROM A MOVING AIRCRAFT AT LOW ALTITUDES. To save the occupants of a damaged aircraft during landing or take-off, a new ejector-seat device has been designed by Martin-Baker. A telescopic ejection-gun carries the seat clear of the aircraft, and a parachute



THE DUMMY PILOT FLOATS LIGHTLY TO EARTH FROM A HEIGHT OF ONLY 20 FT.: THIS NEW EJECTOR-SEAT MIGHT SAVE PILOTS ENGAGED IN LOW-LEVEL OPERATIONS. opens automatically to bring the occupant safely down as the seat falls away. In the demonstration shown, the Meteor aircraft travelled at 100 m.p.h. along a runway of an Oxfordshire airfield. A dummy pilot was used.



FROM LOS ANGELES TO NEW YORK IN LESS THAN FOUR HOURS: ONE OF THE THUNDERSTREAK JET FIGHTERS OF THE U.S.A.F. WHICH ESTABLISHED A NEW RECORD. On March 9 three F84F Thunderstreak fighter-bombers of the United States Air Force covered the 2445 miles flight from Los Angeles to New York in under four hours. Lieut.-Colonel Robert R. Scott, in the leading aircraft, is shown waving triumphantly after his record-breaking flight. The Thunderstreak is capable of carrying an atomic bomb or acting as an interceptor or escort fighter.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE FOR THE NEW ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY: DR. GEOFFREY FISHER, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The Archbishop of Canterbury laid the foundation-stone of the new Assembly Hall of the King's School, Canterbury, on March 11. This ancient school, with its scattered buildings, will thus have a much-needed central place of assembly when the hall is completed. During the ceremony it was said that ownership of this historic ground had passed "imperceptibly" from the Church to the King's School.



# ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING HOAXES.

"THE PILTDOWN FORGERY"; By J. S. WEINER.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE search for the Missing Link, or a chain of Missing Links (for Man is still strangely separated as the one Species in his genus) has been going on for generations: and there is certainly rather more evidence for Darwin's theory about the Descent of Man than there was when Darwin first formulated it. Just over forty years ago a Lewes solicitor, Charles Dawson, produced a part of a skull, with accompanying animal bones, which took our ancestry back half-a-million years. Dr. Weiner's book divulges the way in which the Piltdown Skull, after the most elaborate tests, has been found to be a complete fraud—a human cranium, perhaps 50,000 years old, attached to the jaw of a modern orang-utang, with teeth abraded, every sort of staining and paint used, and a plan of gradual discovery (including that of parallel and confirmatory bones) arranged. The whole plot was elaborate; the unveiling of it has been equally elaborate. The discovery was like an explosion; the exposure also. Sir Conan Doyle visited the site. He might well envy the detective work in the book.

Dr. Weiner finds it necessary to deny categorically a statement issued in June 1954 through *Science Service*, Washington, D.C. This apparently lively periodical reported that "when the Piltdown hoax was exposed at the meeting of the Geological Society of London in November 1953, it precipitated a violent discussion. . . . The meeting soon broke up into a series of fist-fights. . . . The fracas resulted in the expulsion of several members." Well, even the most erudite of men may be exasperated beyond endurance if people will insist on differing from them: the late T. E. Hulme, the philosopher, who was killed in the First World War, swore to me that, while he was attending an International Philosophical Congress in Italy, there was a free fight in the Ethical Section. Why geologists in session should have to rely on their fists to emphasize their points I cannot understand; the stones and fossils with which they are commonly surrounded would be much more forcible arguments; I myself possess a fossil Giant Whelk, which I use as a door-stop, and with which I think I could give a very good account of myself against quite a horde of geologists attacking me with their bare fists, or even with little picks and hammers. This alleged fight, however, did not happen. Why, then—after threading my way through a labyrinth of conjecture and witness, I am constrained to look for reasons, should the Servants of Science in that most pleasant and sunny City of Washington state something as a fact which is not a fact.

I cannot believe that it arose merely out of the conviction that One Good Hoax deserves Another. The greater likelihood is that, as so often in the history of human thought—and, alas, action—a conclusion has been jumped to on insufficient evidence. What is the one classic account, in America, of what happens when evolutionists, anthropologists, palaeontologists and their congeners, differ violently in their opinions? Surely Bret Harte's description of the [Archæological] "Society upon the Stanislaus," in pioneering California. All went well:

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones  
That he found within a tunnel near the  
tenement of Jones

On the strength of this ossuary:

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,  
From those same bones, an animal that  
was extremely rare.

Jones rose to a point of order and said that the bones were those of a lost mule of his; Brown replied that he was sorry that he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault; and then began the really serious debate which *Science Service* may suppose is bound to result from such controversial heat:

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent  
To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;  
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant  
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—  
when

A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,  
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on  
the floor,  
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did  
engage

In a warfare with the remnants of a Palæozoic age;  
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger  
was a sin,

Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of  
Thompson in.

There were no such exhilarating proceedings here when *Eoanthropus dawsoni*—or Dawson's Dawn Man—was demonstrated to be a complete fake. "There was, in fact," says Dr. Weiner, "no general discussion and no disturbance of any kind at any of the meetings at which Piltdown was discussed." The



THE GRAVEL DEPOSITS IN WHICH THE SPECIMENS WERE FOUND: THE PIT AT BARKHAM MANOR, PILTDOWN, FLETCHING, SUSSEX. THE LOWEST LAYER IS THE TUNBRIDGE WELLS SANDS AND ABOVE IT ARE THE GRAVEL DEPOSITS.

savants merely went away sadder and wiser men. Some of them, perhaps, cheerful and relieved men.

For throughout the whole forty years durance of the Piltdown Hoax, there were men who "didn't

fraud, and bewildered themselves over an "enigma"—for enigma it was to anybody who couldn't expect any of the early Missing Links to have a man's brain-case and an ape's chin and jaw. Keith lived to hear about the exposure. Most of the others whose portraits appear in the group-picture by J. Cooke, R.A., which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1915, were dead when it happened.

What would they have said had they lived? I can imagine the reactions of one of them, Sir Ray Lankester, whom I knew well. At the start he would have exploded with rage. His gigantic, almost pachydermatous, frame would have shaken with anger; he would have pounded the table with his fist, and he would have said: "The damn fellow ought to be hanged!" After a few weeks he would have subsided, and a chuckle would have arisen out of his depths, and he would have said: "The damn fellow diddled us."

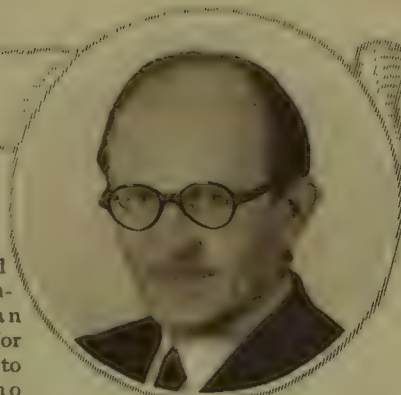
But who was the "damn fellow"? Dr. Weiner is as fair as fair could be. He says at the end of his enchanting book that Dawson is dead, that Dawson, even if guilty, may have been the tool of practical jokers or even blackmailers (though I don't see how blackmailers could have got advantage out of it), and the question about Dawson's guilt must remain open. His summary is rather like that of a judge's from the Bench: circumstantial evidence, points for, points against, charge to the jury. Frankly, I don't think that any jury in England would fail to return, in five minutes, a verdict against Dawson.

"Why should Dawson have done it?" is the exclamation of people who are never carried away by any of the Seven Deadly Sins. The answer is that Dawson, like Hitler and many another man, wanted Fame. He had a certain reputation as a variegated antiquary: he discovered many new fossils; he was an expert on Sussex Iron-work, he cooked an impressive History of Hastings Castle out of another man's manuscript, and he "knew his stuff" about the reputed history of Man. After all, to take in the experts, you must be something of an expert yourself. His genuine achievements were not enough: he must do something terrific. I don't believe for a moment that he wanted to be known as the World's Greatest Hoaxer: though now he will be. He wanted to be acknowledged as a great discoverer, a man who excelled the specialists.

Alas for him: very shortly after the news of his find had astonished the scientific world, the Great War broke out; then he fell ill, then he was ill for a year (constantly murmuring to his wife vague things about "a skull"), and then he died, at a time when nobody could bother much about him or his revelation. But suppose that he had lived until after the war? His discovery was still accepted, and for long afterwards. Surely he would have become at least Sir Charles Dawson, O.M., F.R.S., or even Lord Dawson of Piltdown, introduced by his illustrious namesake, Lord Dawson of Penn.

His fame, nevertheless, is established. So also is that of his Missing Link. At Piltdown there is an inn which carries an impressive sign of the "Piltdown Man": a formidable, hairy, crouching creature, which might be named *Pithecanthropus nondum erectus*, not very brainy, but obviously a useful recruit for the County Rugger pack. I hope they won't take the sign down.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 522 of this issue.



DR. J. S. WEINER, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Dr. Weiner, who was born in South Africa in 1915, has carried out research on human climatology for the Medical Research Council both during and since the war. In 1945 he was appointed Reader in Physical Anthropology at Oxford. He has published scientific papers on anthropological and physiological subjects, and particularly on the effects of climate on man.

Photograph by F. Blackwell.



PERSONALITIES CONCERNED WITH THE PILTDOWN DISCOVERY: (L. TO R., BACK ROW) MR. F. O. BARLOW, PROFESSOR G. ELLIOT SMITH, MR. C. DAWSON AND DR. ARTHUR SMITH WOODWARD. (FRONT ROW) DR. A. S. UNDERWOOD, PROFESSOR ARTHUR KEITH, MR. W. P. PYCRAFT AND SIR RAY LANKESTER.

From the painting by John Cooke, R.A. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Piltdown Forgery"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, the Oxford University Press.

believe a word of it," including Dawson's fellow-members of the Sussex Archaeological Society (which wasn't even represented at his funeral), humble local men, a retired Major, a bank clerk, a landowner, who could hardly raise their voices against those of scientists of world-wide repute, who had put their weight into the scales in favour of this stained, filed, bony concoction, and the assemblage of imported bones, from Africa and Malta and East Anglia which "somebody" had planted in the gravel, to be found at appropriate, spread-out dates. And there were also eminent men like Sir Arthur Keith, who respected (Keith said he "loved") Dawson, couldn't suspect a

\* "The Piltdown Forgery." By J. S. Weiner. Illustrated. (Oxford University Press; 12s. 6d.)





THE PASSING OF THE GREAT SCIENTIST WHOSE DISCOVERY OF PENICILLIN HAS SAVED COUNTLESS LIVES:  
 PROFESSOR SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING, WHO DIED ON MARCH 11, AGED SEVENTY-THREE.

Professor Sir Alexander Fleming, whose discovery of penicillin has saved countless lives and, to quote Lord Horder, "conferred a benefit upon humanity that is quite incalculable," died suddenly of a heart attack at his London home on March 11, aged seventy-three. Born in 1881 in Ayrshire at a small farm, he was educated at Kilmarnock Academy and came to London as a boy. He entered a shipping office, but at the age of twenty he was able to set his feet on his chosen road of medicine by winning a scholarship to St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, where he won all the available prizes and scholarships, and was awarded a gold medal when he took his degree in 1908. Later, laden with many academic

honours, he joined Sir Almroth Wright in the Bacteriological Department of St. Mary's, where he worked throughout his career except for special service in the R.A.M.C. in World War I. In 1928 he discovered penicillin, and recorded this in an official report, so that other scientists could know of it. Later Sir Howard Florey and Boris Ernst Chain developed pure penicillin from Sir Alexander's research. He was knighted in 1944; and in 1945 awarded the Nobel Laureate in Medicine for his discovery, and he has been honoured by many countries. During the war penicillin was of inestimable value for treating septic wounds and it has robbed many diseases of their killing powers.

*Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.*



# A 5000-YEAR-OLD ROYAL TOMB, PROBABLY THAT OF UDIMU, FIFTH KING OF THE FIRST DYNASTY, AND THE OLDEST SUBSTANTIALLY INTACT FUNERARY BOAT—LATEST DISCOVERIES AT SAKKARA.

By **PROFESSOR WALTER B. EMERY**, *Edwards Professor of Egyptology in the University of London and Director of the Excavations.*

*Below, PROFESSOR EMERY continues the account of his excavations in the Archaic Necropolis at Sakkara. In the issues of May 23, 1953, and May 15, 1954, he described the excavation of the mastabas associated with the Pharaohs Uadji and Ka-a. During this last winter he has been excavating another great tomb, associated with the Pharaoh Udimu.*

THE excavation of the Archaic Necropolis at North Sakkara undertaken by the Egypt Exploration Society on behalf of the Egyptian Government Service of Antiquities was reopened on December 1, 1954.

The result of this season's work has been the discovery of another great tomb dated to the reign of King Udimu, the fifth king of the First Dynasty (Fig. 1). Apart from yielding further evidence in support of the hypothesis that North Sakkara was the burial-ground of Egypt's earliest dynastic kings, this great funerary structure, measuring 65 by 27 metres, presents many new architectural features, together with the oldest substantially intact funerary boat yet found (Figs. 2-5) and a wealth of inscribed material, chiefly in the form of jar-sealings.

Detailed examination and the removal of certain parts of the structure showed that it had been built in two distinct stages by the architect, who first constructed a building to serve some unknown purpose and then, after this purpose was fulfilled, altered and added to it to serve its final function as a tomb and house for the dead. The structure as first conceived and completed consisted of a great rectangular rock-cut

or triforium flanked by buttressed walls of brick (Figs. 9, 11). Although this corridor could be reached by a stairway ascending from the north-east corner of the pit, it has its own independent entrance consisting of a small stepped gateway descending from ground-level to the south-east corner of the building.

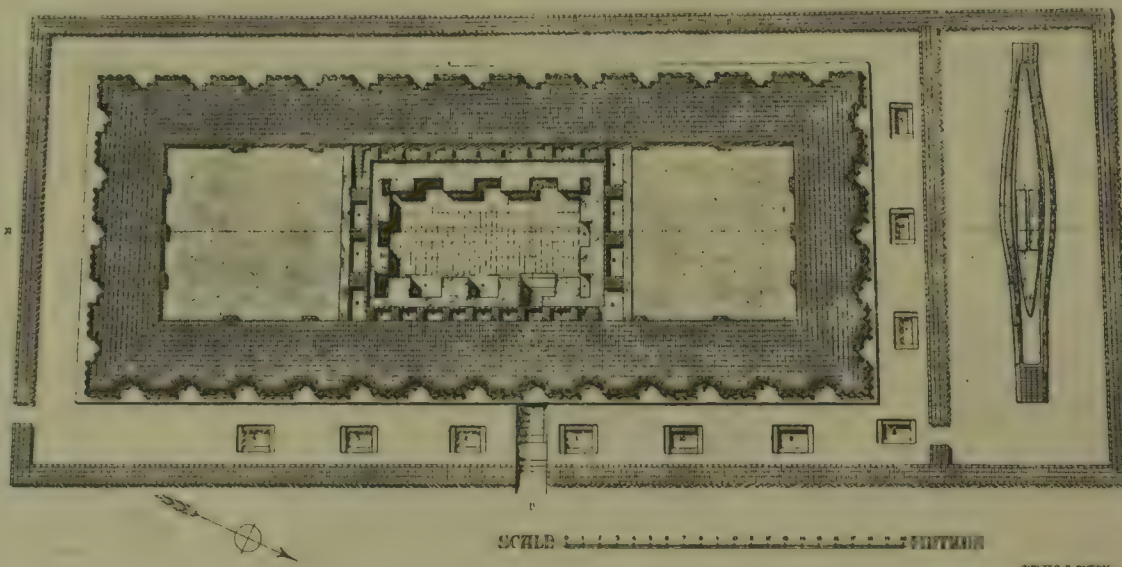


FIG. 1. A GROUND PLAN OF THE ROYAL TOMB OF THE REIGN OF THE FIRST DYNASTY PHARAOH UDIMU, EXCAVATED THIS LAST WINTER BY PROFESSOR EMERY FOR THE EGYPT EXPLORATION SOCIETY ON BEHALF OF THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT SERVICE OF ANTIQUITIES.

The plan shows the great *mastaba* with subsidiary tombs, ten in all, on two sides of it; and the boat and boat-grave, lying inside the same enclosing wall.

The whole structure was unroofed and open to the sky. The walls and floor of the great pit were faced with white gypsum plaster, as was the pavement of the triforium and the steps and walls of the entrance stairways. The buttressed walls surrounding the building were painted yellow. Although of undoubted funerary character, the building, though complete even to its plaster and paint, could not have been used as an actual tomb and one can only surmise that at this stage it was designed and used for ceremonies which were to be performed prior to the actual interment; perhaps enacted some time before the death of the owner.

When the time came for the final completion of the structure

to contain funerary offerings (Figs. 9-12). These little rooms were roofed with timber, and the stairway, which originally gave access to this part of the building, was filled up with brickwork, to ground-level.

In the pit, a series of deep recesses were built of brick against the original flat walls, completely covering the white-plastered surface. The original rock-cut floor, covered with white plaster, was concealed below a wooden floor on which rested a further wooden structure which contained the burial (Figs. 14-16). Finally, above this elaborate substructure and the entrance stairway, a vast rectangular superstructure, measuring 47 by 20 metres, was erected on ground-level. Built of brick, with a rubble core, its exterior walls, on all four sides, were decorated with the conventional recessed panelling known to Egyptologists as the "Palace façade" (Figs. 6-8). At the base of this panelled superstructure was a low bench, on

which originally there must have been the rows of bulls' heads, modelled in clay, with real horns, that were a customary feature of such buildings.

On the north and east sides a series of small subsidiary tombs were built to accommodate the bodies of the owner's retainers who were buried with him to continue their service in the next world (Figs. 1, 8). These tombs, consisting of a brick-lined pit, roofed with timber and surmounted by a rectangular brick superstructure with rounded top, contained the dead, lying in a wooden coffin surrounded by pottery vessels containing food and drink.

On an east-west axis parallel with the north façade of the superstructure a shallow trench was cut, in which was placed the funerary boat of white-plastered wood which had a total length of 14.50 metres (47 ft. 6½ ins.) (Figs. 2-5). This vessel, with a central cabin, was equipped with a variety of pottery vessels which perhaps contained sustenance for the owner during his voyage with the celestial gods in the after-life.

The whole of this complex of tomb, subsidiary graves and funerary boat was enclosed by a thick wall of brickwork faced with white plaster.

Although the tomb had been plundered and re-plundered throughout its history of 5000 years, many of the recesses in the substructure were found intact, but the remains of the burial installation had been so ravaged that only the most tentative reconstruction was possible. Over the wooden floor were scattered the broken fragments of pottery and the remains of more than 300 stone vessels of schist,



FIG. 2. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FUNERARY BOAT LYING IN ITS BOAT-GRAVE AT THE NORTHERN END OF THE MASTABA.

pit measuring 14 by 9 metres, access to which was gained by a stairway which, descending from ground-level, on the east side entered the pit through a stone-built doorway (Figs. 10-17). Around the edge of this great pit was a shelf constructed just below ground-level and this formed a narrow corridor

as a tomb, the floor-level of the triforium surrounding the pit was raised with brickwork, within which were embedded the ends of great wooden beams and planks which made a vast roof over the entire substructure. At the same time, the triforium was divided up by cross-walls into a series of small magazines



FIG. 3. THE BOAT-GRAVE, FROM THE EAST, AFTER THE ACTUAL WOODEN BOAT HAD BEEN REMOVED. SEE ALSO FIGS. 2, 4 AND 5.

alabaster, marble, breccia and dolomite (Figs. 14 and 15). These, with flint knives, ivory arrow-heads, fragments of ivory inlaid furniture and copper tools, were all that remained of what must have been a sumptuous burial. Among the broken pottery were many examples of foreign ware, probably of North

[Continued opposite.]



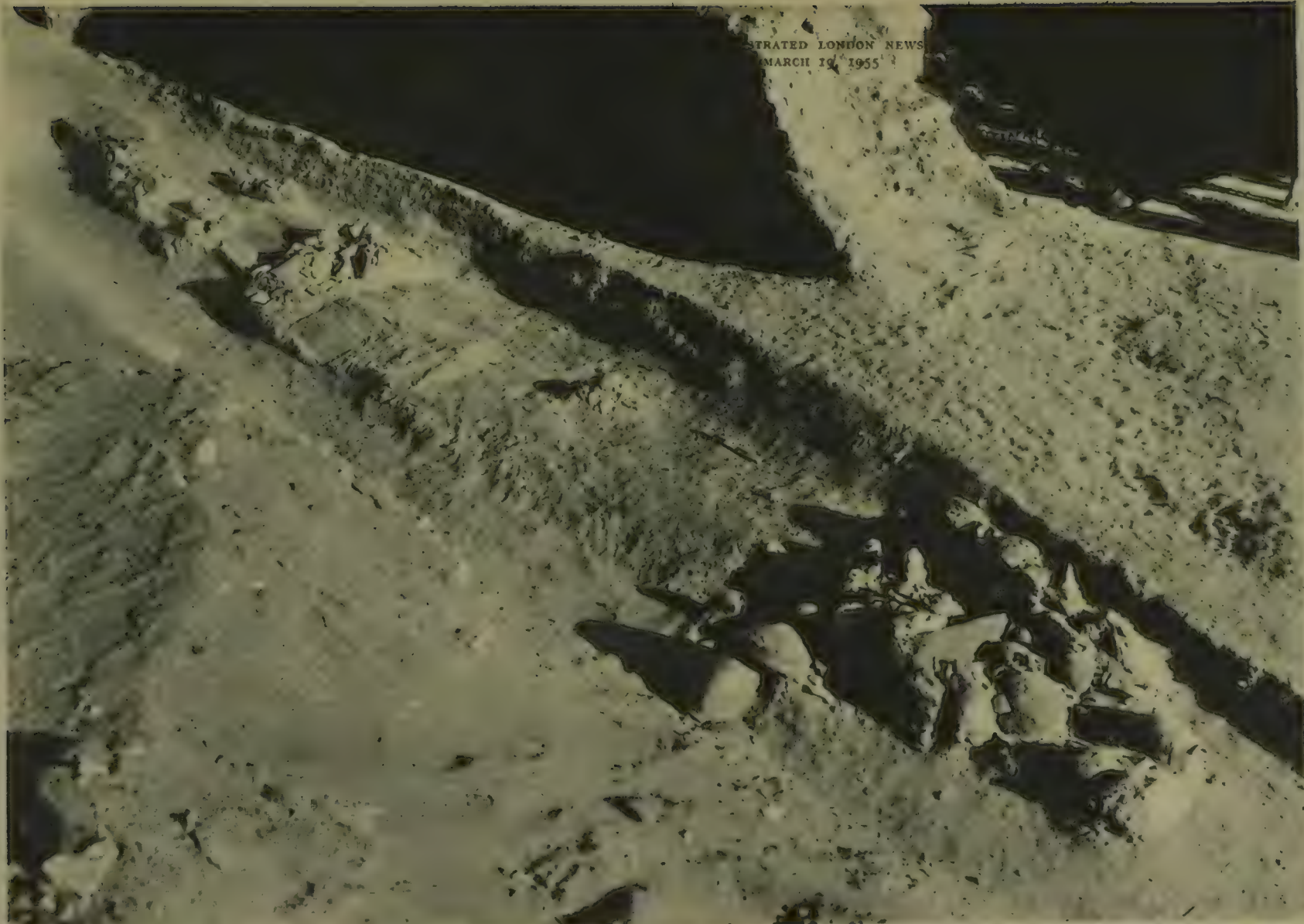


FIG. 4. ABOUT 5000 YEARS OLD: THE OLDEST SUBSTANTIALLY INTACT FUNERARY BOAT, IN THE EARLY STAGES OF EXCAVATION, SHOWING THE GROUPS OF POTTERY.

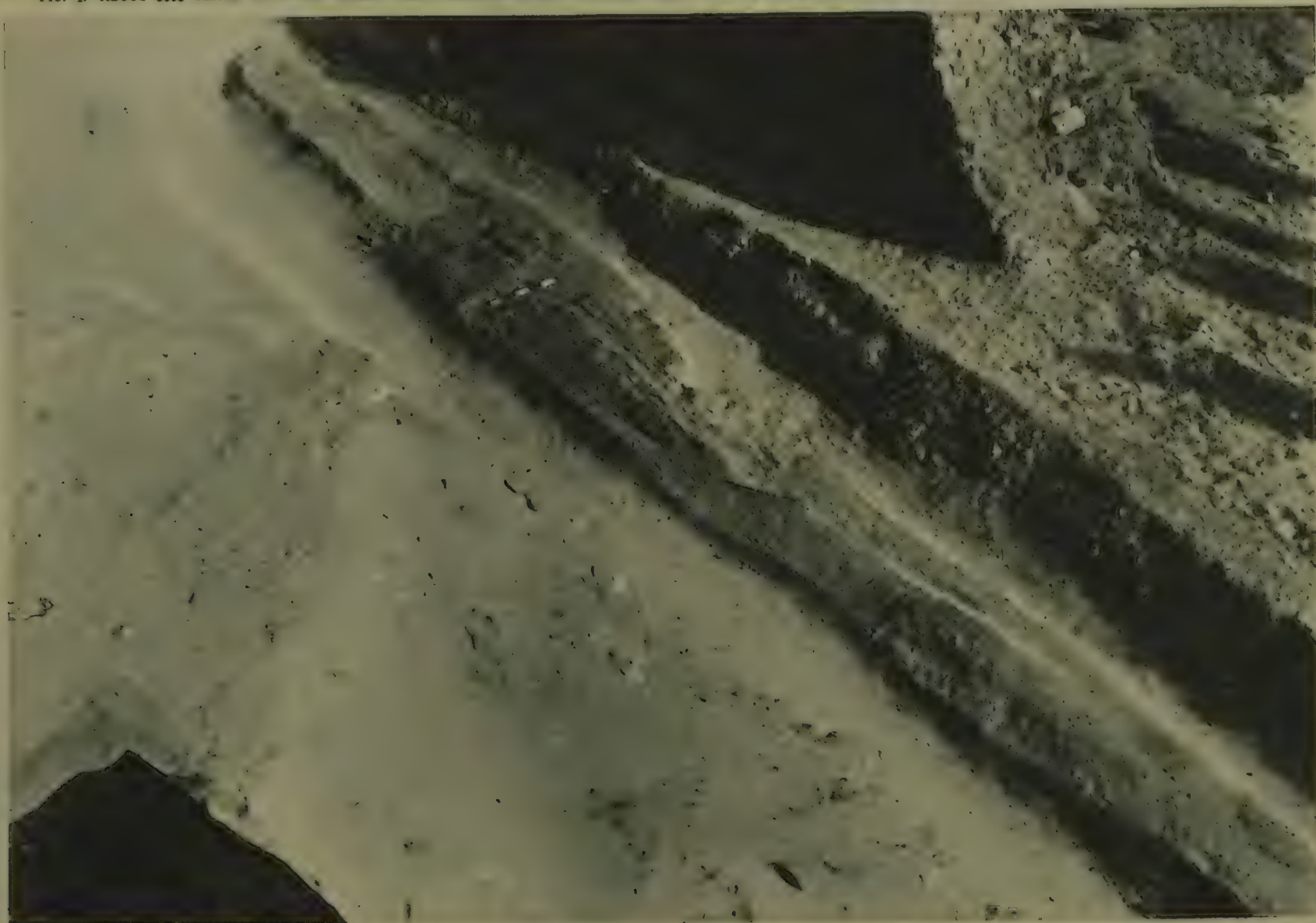


FIG. 5. AFTER THE LIFTING OF THE POTTERY: THE WHITE-PLASTERED WOOD OF THE BOAT REVEALED. IT IS 47 FT. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  INS. LONG, AND HAS A CENTRAL CABIN.

THE OLDEST SUBSTANTIALLY INTACT FUNERARY BOAT TO BE DISCOVERED—IN A NEWLY EXCAVATED EGYPTIAN ROYAL TOMB OF 5000 YEARS AGO, 400 YEARS EARLIER THAN THE BOAT OF CHEOPS.

*Continued from opposite page.*  
Syrian origin and it is anticipated that this material may be of great value as dating evidence. Many of the big wine vessels found in the undisturbed areas of the substructure bore the seals of King Udimu and the names of his principal officials, Hemaka, Ankhka, Medjedka and Mesenka. It was, at one time, believed that some of the big tombs previously found in the Archaic Necropolis were the actual burials of these great nobles, because jar sealings bearing their names, such as Hemeka and Ankhka, had been found in them. The discovery in this new tomb of their names on jars found

together shows that they merely sealed the funerary equipment in their official capacity and does not indicate that the monument belonged to them. In the substructure the scattered bones of an adult were discovered and we may conclude that these belonged to the owner, of whose identity we are ignorant. The size and elaborate design of this great funerary structure almost certainly indicate that it housed a member of the Royal family, and the fact that the offerings of food and drink were sealed by such great nobles as Hemeka and Ankhka adds further support to this hypothesis.



A ROYAL TOMB OF 5000 YEARS AGO:  
THE REIGN OF UDIMU, FIFTH PHARAOH

EXCAVATING THE UNIQUE MASTABA OF  
OF THE FIRST DYNASTY, AT SAKKARA.



FIG. 6. THE FULL LENGTH OF THE WEST FAÇADE OF THE MASTABA, SHOWING THE BUTTRESSED WALLS, ORIGINALLY PLASTERED AND PAINTED, 47 METRES (154 YDS.) LONG, WITH THE BENCH AT THEIR FOOT.



FIG. 7. A CLOSE-UP OF THE WEST FAÇADE, SHOWING THE "PALACE FAÇADE," AND PART OF THE INTERIOR OF THE TOMB; AND THE PLASTERED EXTERIOR CORRIDOR.



FIG. 10. AN INTACT MAGAZINE, ONE OF THOSE BUILT ON THE ORIGINAL TRIPORIUM. DURING THE 5000 YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE, THE TOMB WAS PLUNDERED AND RE-PLUNDERED; AND NO VALUABLES REMAIN.



FIG. 14. A CLOSE-UP OF PART OF THE GENERAL VIEW OF FIG. 15, SHOWING MAGAZINES AND VESSELS OF POTTERY AND VARIOUS TYPES OF STONE, AND JAR SEALINGS, LYING ON THE WOOD FLOOR.



FIG. 11. THE TRIPORIUM AND THE CENTRAL PIT. SMALL MAGAZINES CAN BE SEEN ON THE WEST (LEFT) SIDE AND THE NORTH END (BACKGROUND). THESE MAGAZINES WERE ORIGINALLY TIMBER-ROOFED.



FIG. 15. A VIEW OF THE SUBSTRUCTURE AT THE LEVEL OF THE BURIAL, SHOWING THE WOODEN FLOOR AND THE REMAINS OF MORE THAN 300 STONE VESSELS OF SCHIST, ALABASTER, MARBLE, BRECCIA AND DOLOMITE.

PERHAPS the most continuously interesting and important excavations to be carried out in Egypt of recent years are those of Professor W. B. Emery in the archaic necropolis at Sakkara. The tombs so far excavated have been in the form of large mastabas with the characteristic exterior walls in what is called, "Palace façade," and while each can be definitely associated with a definite Pharaoh of the First Dynasty, it has not been possible to state positively that each is the tomb of that particular Pharaoh, so thoroughly plundered in antiquity have they all proved to be. But each tomb is so extensive and important that, if it is not the tomb of the Pharaoh himself, it is the



FIG. 8. THE EASTERN FAÇADE DURING THE EXCAVATION, IN THE CORRIDOR, CROSSED IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE BY THE ENTRANCE, CAN BE SEEN THE SUBSIDIARY BURIALS.



FIG. 12. THE EAST SIDE OF THE INTERIOR, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE, A MAGAZINE STILL FULL OF POTTERY, AND THE WOODEN FLOOR WHICH WAS BUILT 5000 YEARS AGO WHEN THE BUILDING BECAME A TOMB.



FIG. 16. THE WOODEN FLOOR, SHOWN IN FIG. 15, CLEARED OF ALL THE FILLING. BELOW THE WOODEN FLOOR WAS ANOTHER FLOOR OF WHITE GYPSUM PLASTER.

tomb of some very close member of the Royal family. The tomb which we show above is associated with Udimu, the fifth Pharaoh of the First Dynasty; and since these excavations have thrown a great deal of light on these first and little-known dynastic kings of Egypt, it is perhaps of interest to give their succession as follows: (1) Narmer (c. 3100 B.C.); (2) Aha; (3) Zer; (4) Uadji; (5) Udimu; (6) Anserib; (7) Semerkhet; (8) Ka'a. The dynasty is generally thought to have lasted less than the 253 years allowed to it by the historian Manetho, an Egyptian priest who wrote in Greek in the third century B.C.



FIG. 9. THE EAST SIDE OF THE INTERIOR, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE DOOR AND STEPS, AND THE SERIES OF MAGAZINES BUILT ON THE ORIGINAL TRIPORIUM, WHEN THE BUILDING WAS ALTERED FOR THE BURIAL.



FIG. 13. THE LIMESTONE GATE AT THE FOOT OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE SUBSTRUCTURE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM THE INTERIOR, BEFORE THE FINAL-PHASE BRICKWORK WAS REMOVED.



FIG. 17. 5000-YEAR-OLD WOODEN BEAMS, WHICH WERE USED TO ROOF THE ENTRANCE STAIRWAY TO THE TOMB. IN THE FOREGROUND A HALF-METRE RULE GIVES THE SCALE.



ON the subject of the Saar *The Times* remarked recently: "The story of the dispute is well enough known." This appears to be an optimistic pronouncement. Much has been written about the dispute between Bonn and Paris on the subject, but it has been mostly day-to-day news, with little historical background. The differences between the two sides are subtle and hard to follow. I should myself have thought that both the history of the special status of the Saar and the quarrel now going on between France and the Federal Republic of Germany were, from the point of view of the average intelligent person with no special interest in the matter, among the least-known and least-understood of the great questions of present-day international affairs. I have no hesitation in putting it into the class of great questions, but I know that I myself have been baffled by it.

It has for long been near the foreground. Lately it has come right to the front. This has been due to contradictory versions issued by Bonn and Paris as to what has been agreed about the future of the Saar, and what the United Kingdom and the United States have promised. The importance of the dispute lies in the fact that—at the time of writing—neither the German Bundesrat nor the French Senate has finally passed the defence treaties, and that their attitude, especially the French Senate's, may be largely determined by the form taken by the status of the Saar when this has been clarified. Moved by the desire, laudable in itself, that the treaties should go through, both Governments have put forward soothing interpretations to their own people, very much at variance with each other. A further complication has been the attitude of the Saar Government. It has appeared to be generally favourable to the French interpretation, and its representatives sat in with the French Government when the French statement of the first week of this month was drawn up.

From the Franco-German War until the end of the First World War the coal-mines of the Saar and the ore of Lorraine formed part of a single national territory, that of imperial Germany. After the First World War, Lorraine was rightly and properly restored to France, but that did not lessen the dependence of the Lorraine *forges* upon the coal of the Saar. After the Second World War there was devised a scheme, typical of much of the thinking of the time, for giving the Saar a purely European status, without linking it to any State. In its theoretical form this seems to be as dead as mutton. However, it was agreed by Britain and the United States that, to indemnify France for the damage done to her economic life by German aggression, the Saar should be detached from Germany and put into a French Customs and finance system. This took place in 1947—strangely enough, in Moscow. In 1951, however, it was made clear, with French acquiescence, that the definite status of the Saar must be determined by the peace treaty or a treaty in its place. By peace treaty, it need hardly be said, is meant a general peace treaty with Germany.

This is somewhat vague situation continued until the famous meeting between Dr. Adenauer and M. Mendès-France in October last. They agreed that the Saar should be autonomous and its status should be guaranteed by the United Kingdom and the United States; that all parties should enjoy political freedom, with no interference from outside; that when the Statute was prepared there should be a plebiscite, with another when the status had been made definite. With these reservations, the projected links between France and the Saar were confirmed. It was a welcome agreement, but, as some shrewd observers realised at the time, it was not competently drawn up and left different impressions in the minds of the French President of the Council and the West German Chancellor. The essential difference is that the French now look upon the Statute of the Saar as untouchable, whereas the Germans regard it as provisional. What makes the dispute odder is the fact that no German peace treaty is to be expected in any future that can be foreseen.

Meanwhile—again at the time of writing—the Foreign Office and the State Department have been

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE FUTURE OF THE SAAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

silent about their opinions on the matter. Presumably they hope that the treaties will go through before they have to speak, but it is to be doubted if any good purpose would be served by allowing this to happen, and then perhaps being faced by repudiations on one side or the other, if not on both. As for the provision that parties in the Saar shall not be allowed to canvass for the return of the territory to Germany, this is pure tyranny. If there is a genuine desire among a large proportion of the million Saarlanders for a return to Germany, its expression can be prevented only by police action on the lines of those in Communist countries and dictatorships. France surely does not desire to create another Morocco in Europe, any more than Britain and the United States desire to accord official approval to one. In other words, while the Statute should continue to operate, the last word cannot be said without the approval of the people of the Saar, and they should be allowed to say what they feel.

On March 5 Dr. Adenauer conveyed to the French Foreign Office his view, already stated in debate in the Bundestag, that British and American promises to support the French ambitions regarding the Saar lapsed with the coming into effect of the Franco-

France and the Federal Republic." If Dr. Adenauer's statement lies open to some criticism, this last sentence in the French announcement does so likewise. It is absurd to treat the October agreement as only explanatory. The importance attributed to it at the time showed that it was more than that.

By the time these lines appear Downing Street and Washington may have found it necessary to speak. As I write, it is hard to prophesy what they will say if they do speak. If they do not deny the Federal Chancellor's thesis, the repercussions on French opinion may be serious. There is a lot of opposition to the London and Paris Agreements still to be overcome, and failure to support the French point of view would, at the best, encourage it. It is believed that the French Government would like the matter to be made clear one way or the other. The Government appears anxious that ratification by the Council of the Republic should take place. It looks likely that, even if an Anglo-American statement should disappoint the French, ratification would after all take place, but it is not quite certain. In any case, the former Government stated, through the mouth of the then President of the Council, M. Mendès-France, that it would not sign a final peace treaty which did not embody its own demands.

The danger does not lie in the verbal differences between the French and West German Governments. They do not appear, on their face, to be very far apart. The real question is whether behind them there lies an irreconcilable difference, whether, to put the case at its most extreme, the French hope to make the Saar once and for all a French satellite, and to

secure the guarantee of Britain and the U.S. for their plan. They would not agree that this is their plan, and it may not be, but there is some suspicion in Germany that it is. Again, Dr. Adenauer's political opponents are now arguing, with some appearance of logic, that wholly different interpretations of the subject by the two Governments have been revealed, and that the only reasonable course must be to reopen the whole question of the Saar before ratification of the agreements. This would, of course, be to put them into the melting-pot once more, which is what the German Social Democrats desire.

Dr. Adenauer may have overstepped his brief to a greater extent than the French in the argument, but one cannot avoid the impression that his general attitude is the more reasonable of the two. He seems to favour not so much a pro-German solution as assurance that the question will eventually be decided on the basis of opinion, which cannot be foretold at the moment. By comparison, the French seem to be in search of finality on the basis of their own demands. The business is, of course, bedevilled, like so

much else, by the instability of French politics and Governments—and the present one will be lucky if it lives as long as that of M. Mendès-France. Were the agreements to be rejected in France—which Heaven forbid—one of the worst political crises of the post-war world could hardly be avoided. On the whole, however, it does not look as though things would come to that.

What I have written may not be accepted as an explanation in all quarters. Indeed, the experts on the subject, very few in this country, may be able to pick holes in my interpretation. I have, however, said enough to show how complex the whole business is, how difficult must be the solution, even when there is a sincere desire to reach one, and after both sides have made some compromises in order to do so. Ironically enough, the fact that he stands at the head of a stable Government makes it more serious for Dr. Adenauer than for the head of any French Government. He has been there all the time. All that has been done has been his work. He wants to crown it, and as an old man realises that he may not be able for long to continue the great achievement for his country which has placed him in the front rank of modern statesmen. But the settlement is a matter not only for France and Germany. It is one which engages the attention and touches the interests of the free world. We must earnestly hope that it will be reached.



THE TEMPORAL AND SPIRITUAL HEADS OF TIBET ENTERTAINED BY THE LEADERS OF COMMUNIST CHINA AT A BANQUET IN PEKIN IN HONOUR OF THE TIBETAN NEW YEAR: (L. TO R.) MR. CHOU EN-LAI, THE PANCHEN LAMA, MR. MAO TSE-TUNG, THE DALAI LAMA AND MR. LIU SHAO-CHI.

The Dalai Lama, ruler and spiritual leader of Tibet, went to Peking last October as a delegate to the National People's Congress of Communist China and was received with signal honours. Considerable apprehension was expressed in Tibet at his departure, and Mr. Nehru (who met both the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama when he visited China last autumn) was petitioned by a large body of Tibetans to secure the Dalai Lama's return to Tibet. Our photograph shows both the Lamas at a banquet given in Peking on February 24 in honour of the Tibetan New Year, which fell on February 23. Mr. Mao Tse-tung is the Chairman of the Central People's Government Council, Mr. Chou En-lai is Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, and Mr. Liu Shao-chi is Secretary-General of the Central Committee and Politburo. It will be remembered that in October 1951 the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama were appointed members of the Consultative Conference of the Chinese People's Republic—a move which implied that Tibet was regarded as an integral part of China.

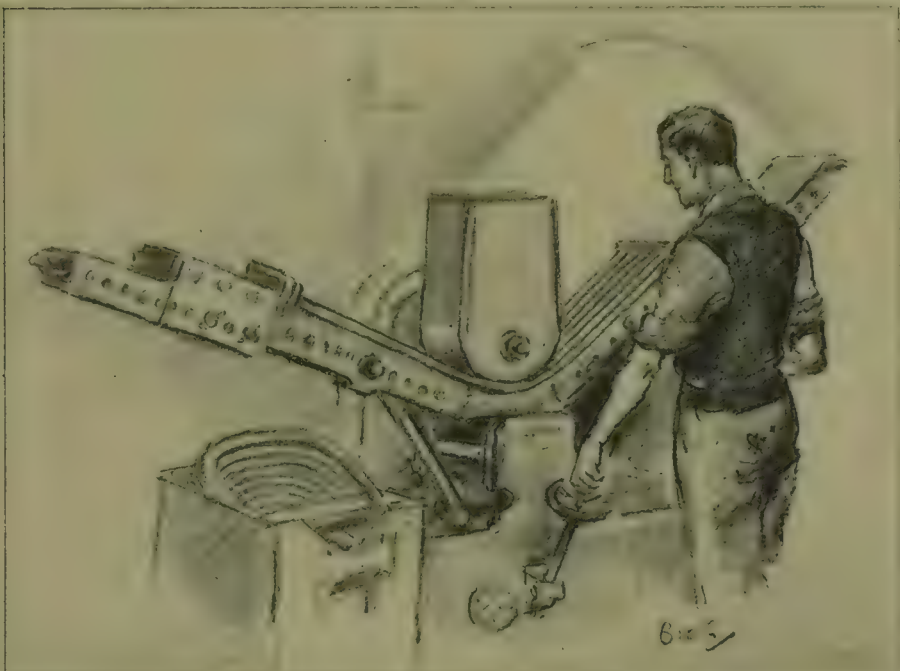
German Agreement. This certainly looks an extreme view. He was on safer ground in arguing that parties in the Saar in favour of eventual union with Germany would have the right to oppose the European Statute, even after the status of the Saar had been approved by referendum. Simultaneously, the French Government affirmed that the Government stood by the spirit and the letter of the agreement of October 23, 1954, and pointed out that by this agreement the Saar Statute, after being confirmed by referendum, should not again be challenged until a peace treaty had been signed. It also asserted that the agreement made propaganda for a change in the Statute illegal until the negotiators of the peace treaty had taken up the subject.

As to the peace treaty itself, the French Government announced its intention of seeing to it that the European Statute, recognising the separate political personality of the Saar, should be written into it. "The French Government," it was stated blandly, "has no reason to suppose that there has been any change in the position publicly adopted, and in the assurances given, since 1947, by its Allies on the subject of the confirmation by the peace treaty of the political autonomy of the Saar and of the Franco-Saar Economic Union. The agreement of October 23 does nothing but give full effect to these assurances and declarations since it embodies these two fundamental principles within a European Statute accepted by both





ASSEMBLING WINDSOR CHAIRS: THE UNDERPARTS BEING GLUED TOGETHER (LEFT) BEFORE THE CHAIR IS PLACED IN A SPECIAL MACHINE (BACKGROUND), IN WHICH THE UNDERPART IS CRAMPED TOGETHER TO CORRECT ANGLES. ON THE RIGHT IS THE FINAL ASSEMBLY PROCESS.



THE BENDING MACHINE IN WHICH EIGHT PIECES OF WOOD, PREVIOUSLY SOFTENED BY STEAMING, ARE BENT BY HYDRAULIC PRESSURE INSIDE A SEPARATE JIG-CONTAINER EXTRACTABLE FROM THE MACHINE TO ENABLE THE JIG TO BE TAKEN WITH ITS BENDS TO A DRYING AND SETTING CHAMBER.



THE FINISHED PRODUCT: WINDSOR CHAIRS BEING UNLOADED FROM THE CONVEYERS AT THE END OF THE ASSEMBLY LINE AND STACKED FOR PACKING AND DESPATCH, OR FOR DIVERSION FOR OTHER PROCESSES, INCLUDING A SPECIAL WAX FINISHING.

#### MODERN MANUFACTURING TECHNIQUE AND TRADITIONAL DESIGN: STAGES IN THE ASSEMBLY OF A WINDSOR CHAIR.

The Windsor chair is essentially a "native" piece of furniture in Britain. It appears to have originated in the woodlands of Buckinghamshire where, until comparatively recent years, the framings were turned on pole lathes in the woods, and the seats were made from "pit hand-sawn elm" boards, then cut to shape by hand and laboriously adzed. Many difficulties had to be overcome and new machines invented before an assembly line with a potential output of a chair every ten seconds could come into being. But this assembly line is now a fact, and on this and on the following pages our artist has depicted various stages in the manufacture of Windsor chairs at the Ercol Works, Furniture Industries Limited, at High Wycombe. On this great production line the flexibility of compressed air



SHAPING THE SEAT—ONE OF TWO MAJOR OPERATIONS IN THE MACHINING OF A WINDSOR CHAIR: THIS MACHINE CUTS OUT, FROM IRREGULAR RECTANGULAR PIECES OF WOOD, THE FINAL SHAPE OF THE SEAT AND, AT THE SAME TIME, CLEANLY MOULDS THE EDGE.



IN THE SPRAY BOOTHS TOWARDS THE END OF THE ASSEMBLY LINE: THE CHAIRS BEING PLACED ON THE CONVEYERS OF THE DRYING CHAMBER (RIGHT) AFTER RECEIVING FOUR OF THE FINISHING COURSES OF LACQUER (LEFT AND CENTRE).

—lending itself to designs of ingenious implements; electric and hydraulic devices; and immensely productive machines, are all used to maximum advantage. Among the problems was that of continuously supplying the line with the enormous quantities of wood parts, in their varying sizes and shapes, in the right quantities at the right time. Not the least of the problems was the extraction of wood waste, which is conducted to the boiler-house for conversion into power and heat. The seat-shaping machine (shown above) alone requires an extraction of tons of wood waste each day. The particular chair which is shown in these drawings is not wax-finished, but waxing is a feature of all the other pieces of furniture which are made at the Ercol Works.





WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH NATIVE CHAIR—THE WINDSOR CHAIR—CAN BE COMPLETELY ASSEMBLED IN TEN SECONDS: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ASSEMBLY LINE IN A FURNITURE FACTORY AT HIGH WYCOMBE.

At High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, a town long famous as a centre of chair and furniture-making, one furniture factory—The Ercol Works, Furniture Industries Limited—is producing in quantity the Windsor chair—the beautiful native English chair which was once the village craftsman's pride. This factory, which is doing so much to revive demand for this lovely chair, is making them largely from

English beech and English elm. In order to be able to manufacture chairs of high quality at the lowest possible prices, very large numbers must be made, and, in the assembly line (above), we show our artist's impression of the simplest form of the bow-back Windsor chair being made at this factory by methods whereby a chair can be manufactured (potentially) every ten seconds. When the trees reach the

factory, they are first cross-cut into small blocks of appropriate lengths, then into short planks. After they have been air-dried, the timber is reconditioned by steam immersion and electrically-ventilated kilns, the moisture content being brought down scientifically to not more than 12 per cent, to ensure permanency of shape and rapid assembly. At the far end of the above assembly line there are automatic turning

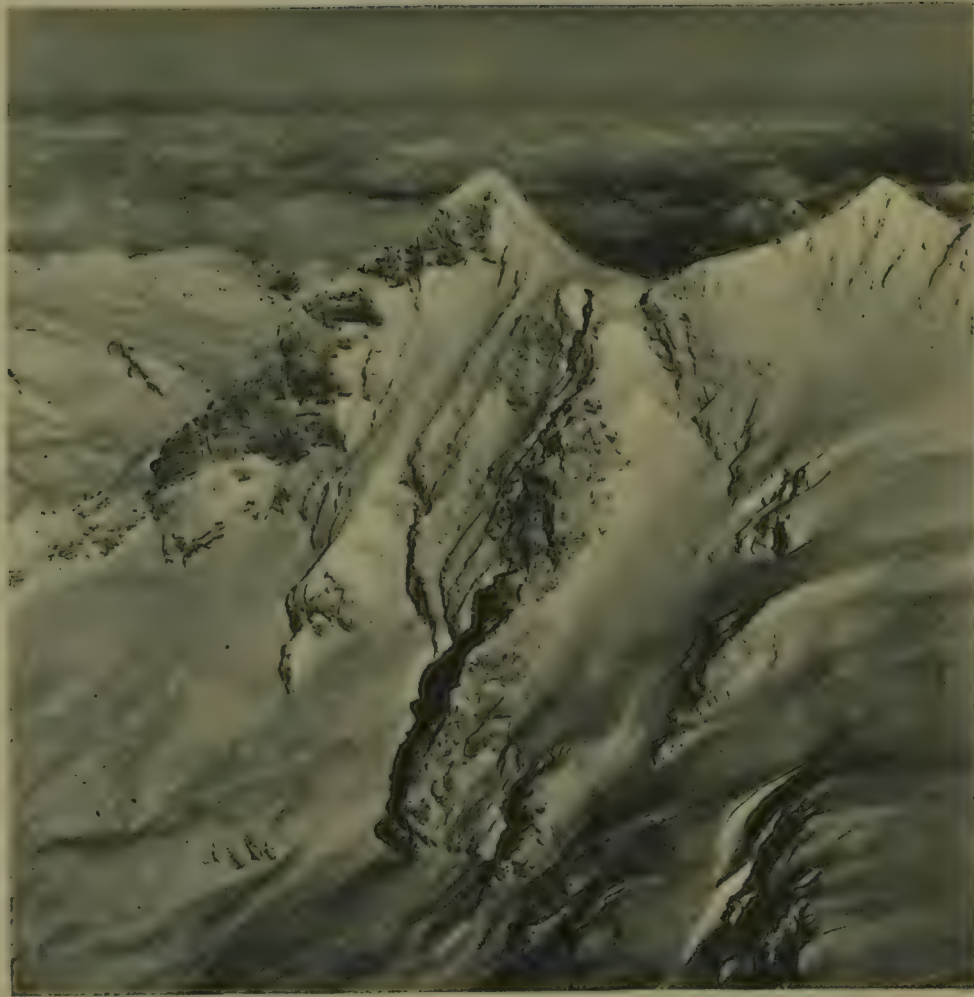
lathes, automatic sanding drums, boring machines, cutting-off saws and other equipment which produce each week something like 75,000 component parts, involving approximately ten operations to each part, which have to pass through this line before arriving at the assembly end. On a preceding page some of the processes involved in the manufacture of a Windsor chair are depicted by our artist.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

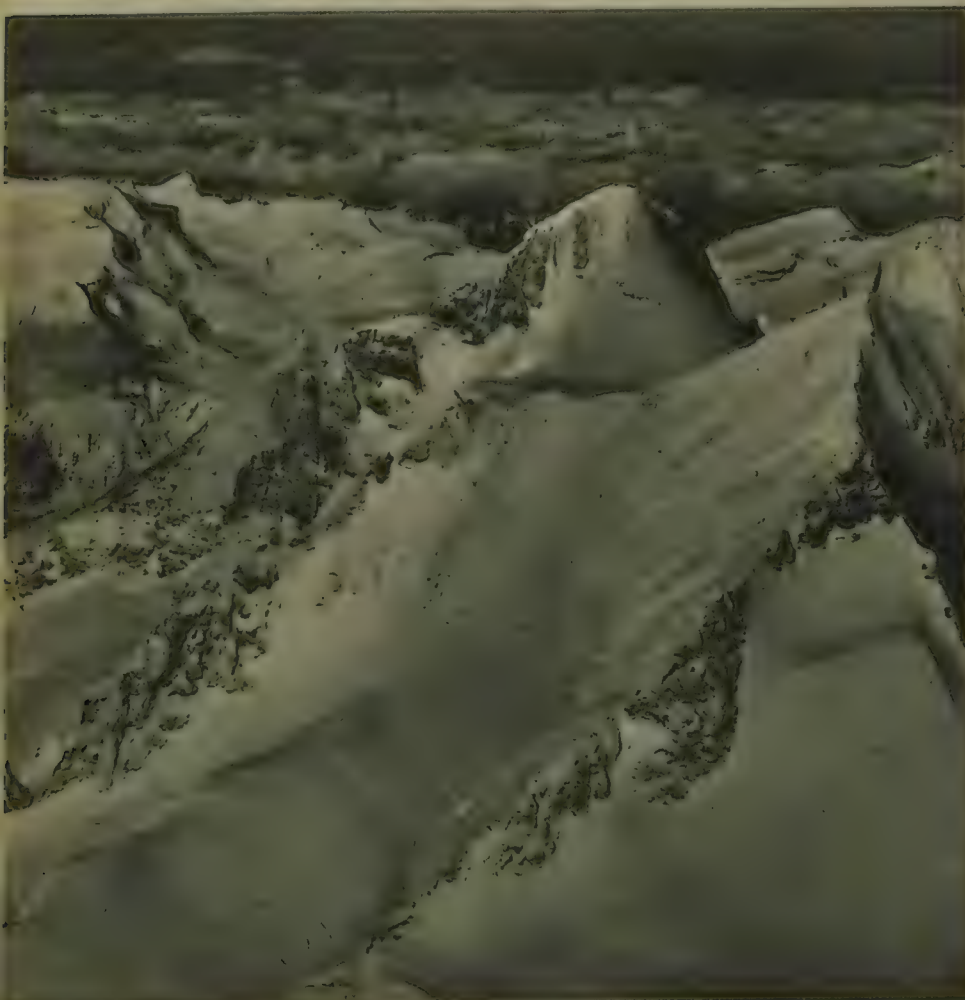




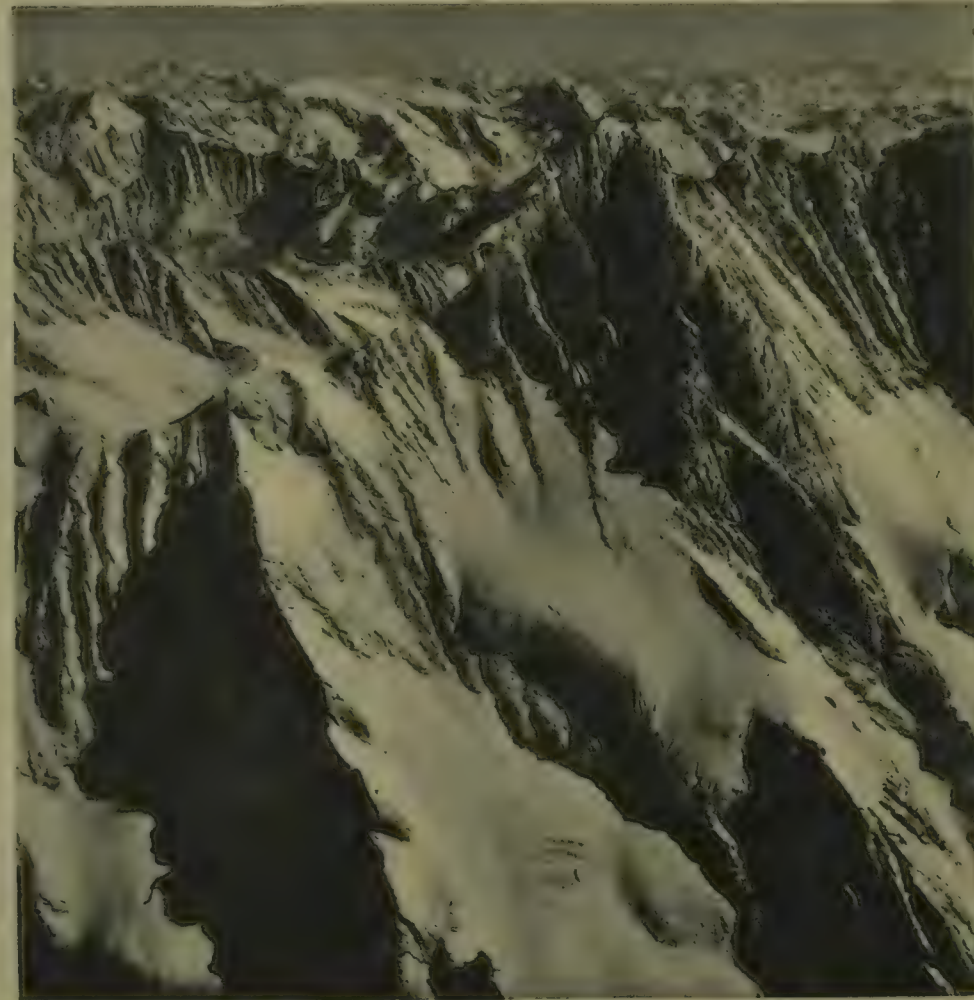
THE VIEW FACING EAST, WITH THE WETTERHORN (12,149 FT.) IN THE CENTRE AND THE MITTELHORN (12,166 FT.) TO THE RIGHT; ON THE LEFT THE VALLEY LEADS DOWN TO MEIRINGEN.



THE NORTHWARD PROSPECT: THE WETTERHORN (CENTRE), WITH THE MITTELHORN ON THE RIGHT. THIS PHOTOGRAPH, LIKE THE OTHERS, WAS TAKEN THROUGH THE COCKPIT WINDOW.



LOOKING DUE NORTH ALONG THE KNIFE-EDGE OF THE WETTERHORN: THE MITTELHORN IS ON THE RIGHT, THE LOWER FAULHORN (8803 FT.), EASY TO CLIMB AND COMMANDING A SUPERB PANORAMA, TO THE LEFT. (CENTRE.) THE WETTERHORN'S SHARP-POINTED CONE.



THE SCHRECKHORN (13,387 FT.), FIRST ASCENDED BY LESLIE STEPHEN, WHO CALLED IT "THE GRIMMEST FIEND OF THE OBERLAND." THE RHÔNE GLACIER MOUNTAINS (LEFT) INCLUDE THE GALENSTOCK (11,802 FT.) AND THE DAMMASTOCK (11,922 FT.)

IT will be no news to our readers that Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein is an expert and enthusiastic amateur photographer, and on these two pages we are privileged to present the most recent of his aerial photographs of the Swiss Alps. Lord Montgomery supplies this description of the condition prevailing at the time: "These photographs were taken in Switzerland on a cold but brilliantly fine day, from a P2 Dual Control Training Aircraft of the Swiss Air Force. We were flying throughout at a height of 15,000 ft. The air temperature registered minus 31 deg. F., i.e., 63 degrees of frost. It was so cold inside the aircraft that I decided I could not open the window when taking photographs. I therefore

*(Continued opposite.)*



A SWISS OFFICER'S PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD MONTGOMERY AND THE PILOT AFTER THE FLIGHT: "IT TOOK ME SOME TIME BEFORE I THAWED OUT."

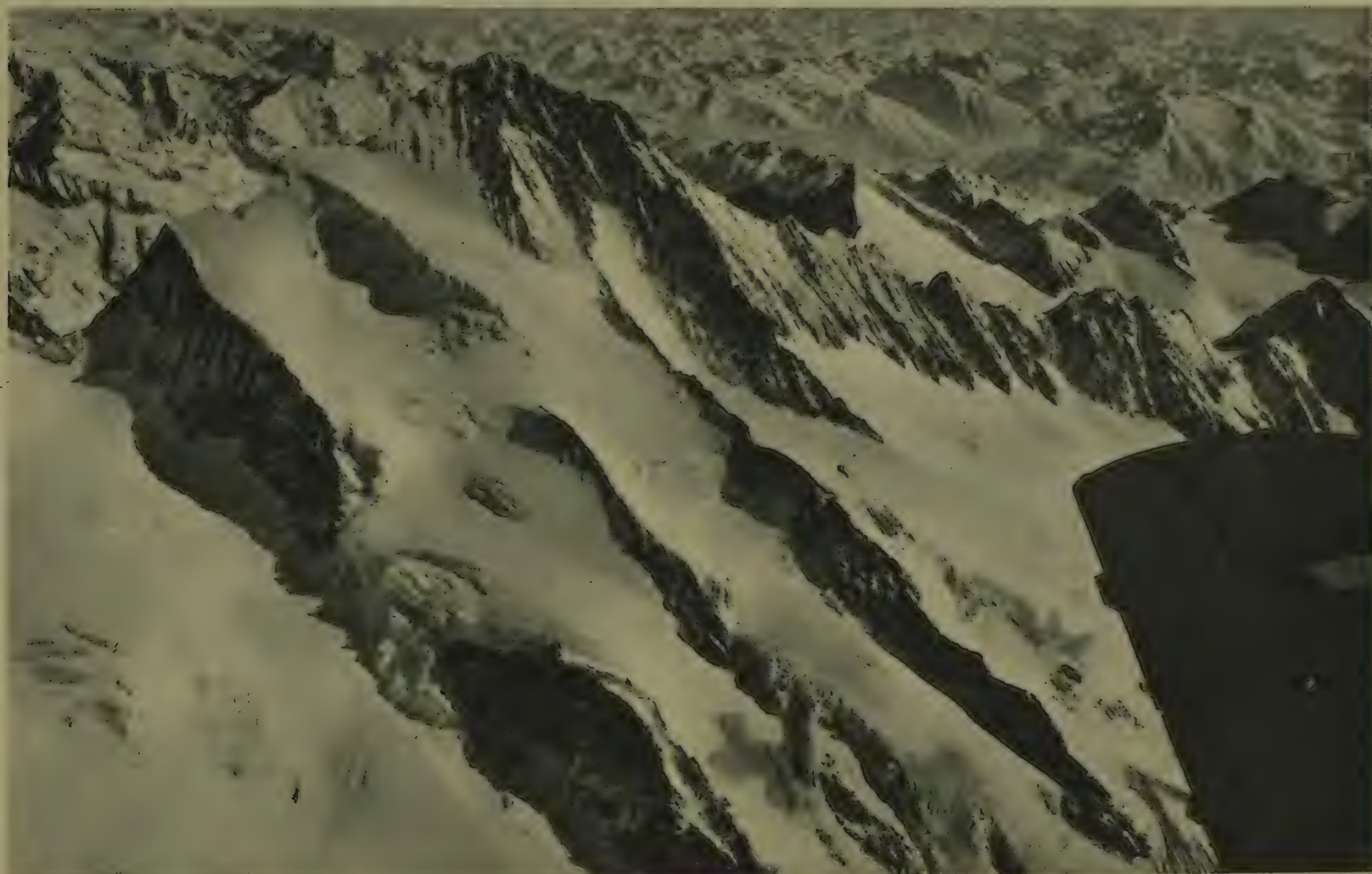
*(Continued.)*

cleaned the window inside with a silk handkerchief, and took all the photos. through the glass of the rear cockpit. I took up two cameras, a Rolleiflex and a Voigtlander Bessa, both ready loaded. I used the Rolleiflex first and took eleven pictures; the movement then jammed, and, in trying to right it, the camera fell from my hands. I then took the Voigtlander and managed to take two photos, after which I could no longer hold the camera, as I had no feel in my fingers. We had no oxygen and no heating. I therefore told my pilot to descend. When we landed at Interlaken, I recovered the Rolleiflex camera from the bowels of the aircraft. With the last film I took the photo. of the aircraft and my pilot."





THE SUMMIT OF THE SCHRECKHORN SEEN ABOVE THE WING OF THE AIRCRAFT, FACING WEST; HIGHER STILL IS THE BLACK NORTH FACE OF THE EIGER (13,040 FT.), AND TO THE LEFT, ON THE SKYLINE, THE NEIGHBOURING PEAKS OF THE MÖNCH (13,468 FT.) AND THE JUNGFRAU (13,669 FT.).



THE FINSTERAARHORN, FACING DUE EAST, WITH THE MOUNTAIN RANGES OF EASTERN SWITZERLAND IN THE BACKGROUND. THIS WAS ONE OF THE TWO SHOTS TAKEN WITH THE VOIGTLÄNDER CAMERA BEFORE THE COLD BECAME SO GREAT AS TO RENDER FURTHER PHOTOGRAPHY IMPOSSIBLE.

#### CIRCLING THE ALPS IN 63 DEGREES OF FROST: "THE CAMERA FELL FROM MY HANDS."

Circling the Swiss Alps at 15,000 ft., Lord Montgomery experienced such cold that finally the camera fell from his hands and bumped its way through the control wires leading to the tail, to land at the bottom of the aircraft. "The pilot took no notice, so I assumed I had not damaged the control apparatus!" Fortunately,

he had taken two cameras, fully loaded. Lord Montgomery used Kodak Super-XX high-speed panchromatic film. He set his cameras for a shutter speed of 1/250th of a second before starting. For pictures looking north, with the sun directly behind him, he used F/11; for those looking east or west, across the sun, F/8.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## SALADS, VEGETABLES, AND PIP-PLANTING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

SOME months ago I wrote of "A Way With Scarlet Runner Beans," and told how excellent they are, gathered small, young, tender,

cooked whole and unshredded, and served with salt, pepper and butter. Lots of butter.

I make no apology for returning to this matter. Stringing and shredding runner beans entails an immense amount of unnecessary work, and boiling them destroys a great deal of their flavour, and probably most of their goodness. By that comfortable, homely word "goodness," I mean, of course, things like valuable salts and vitamins, about which, to be honest, I really know nothing. Do you? But I feel very sure that after the shredding and boiling process, they, and a whole lot of other subtle and beneficent factors, go down the sink—along with the flavour. And the dish of beans that comes to table? What a dull, textureless kag-mag it almost invariably is, in comparison with firm, nutty runners, caught young and steamed, not boiled, whole. They should be gathered before they have developed the strings which make stringing and shredding necessary. Very little experience teaches one which will be stringy and which fit for table. If in doubt, snap in half. If the two halves hang together by strings—away with them.

But to achieve a dish of young, stringless runners is very, very difficult. No use seeking them in the shops, and few paid gardeners can be persuaded to co-operate. To insist breaks their hearts, and educating them in the matter is hardly worth while. Takes too much tact, time, patience and diplomacy. Moreover,

condition, but always when the gardener had gone home at the end of the day, so as not to hurt his feelings. Charming. And how wise.

The same correspondent asked me if I have ever tried broad beans gathered quite young, about 3 or 4 ins. long, and cooked whole, pods and all. I have, and very good they are. A pleasant foretaste when one simply can not wait for the first dish of the actual beans to be ready. But on no account should the parsley sauce be forgotten, to muffle the rather velvety texture of the pods. In France, too, I have met very young broad bean pods among the radishes with *hors-d'œuvres*. But I have never sampled them, partly because they have always looked rather fatigued and wizened specimens, but chiefly on account of their silky-woolly texture. I feel sure they would give the sensation of licking red flannel, or eating a peach "*en chemise*." I have been told, by the by, that runner beans should be boiled rather than steamed, as steaming makes them a bad colour. I agree that colour and appearance can make quite a difference to one's enjoyment of food, but, personally, I would almost always sacrifice a good deal of appearance to preserve good, essential flavour.

Some years ago I was given a packet of radish-seed of a special kind. I rather think it was called Bavarian radish, and was grown not so much for its root as for its fresh, young, green seed-pods, which looked like slender, green pixie-caps an inch or two long. One ate them raw, as and when one would eat ordinary radishes. Their flavour was of mild radish, and they had a particularly crisp, crunchy texture. But I can not find this variety in any of the ordinary run of seed catalogues. It is evident that I shall have to do some research work and sleuthing to find a source of supply for the Bavarian radish, and then give it another trial to decide whether it is as jolly a thing as memory suggests.

An ingredient for winter root salads which came to me as a novelty this winter was the ordinary Jerusalem artichoke. To a salad of beetroot, waxy potato and celery, thinnish, but not too thin, slices of the artichoke had been added. I do not think they supplied anything in the way of flavour, but their fresh, crisp texture was excellent, and supplied a crunch which would otherwise have been lacking.

The flavour of the Jerusalem artichoke seems to be one which folk either like very much or detest. Personally, I like it—but not for long. Artichoke soup is excellent, but not too often, and plain, boiled artichokes with white sauce are much the same.

They would become a bore sooner than most vegetables, and I think their texture may have as much to do with this as their flavour. Another way with Jerusalem artichokes is to roast them round the joint. Not so many years ago, when a week's meat ration was no larger than a man's hand, this method was out of the question. But to-day it is worth trying if you care for homely English fare—with variations. Quite recently I made the acquaintance of a noble joint of pork, around which a mixed company of root vegetables had been roasted in the gravy. There were small potatoes, scrubbed, and in their jackets; smallish artichokes with their string-like roots and more prominent nubbles removed, but unpeeled;

cubes of carrot, of swede-turnip, and of parsnip, all about match-box size. And monstrous good it was.

An experiment made here recently with Jerusalem artichokes was slicing and frying, like ordinary fried potato. Although it was done on the spur of the moment as an experiment, and perhaps somewhat crudely, it was excellent. In the hands of an expert, an artist with the frying-pan, this dish might well be very good indeed.

More than once in these articles I have urged the pleasures and rewards of what I call pip-planting—that is, the hobby of raising trees and shrubs, apples,



ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST AND STURDIEST OF EARLY FLOWERING SHRUBS: *CYDONIA* (OR *CHAENOMELES*) *JAPONICA* IN FLOWER. THE MAIN FLOWERING STARTS IN APRIL; BUT STRAY RED FLOWERS CAN BE FOUND MUCH EARLIER.

most cooks and housewives think it wasteful to gather runners at half their potential size. Some, I believe, even think that it is not "nice" to cook and serve them looking like anything but lawn-mowings. The simplest and most satisfactory way is to do the gathering oneself, and the cooking, too, if necessary—especially the final addition of butter.

I have received quite a number of letters from wise folk who tell me that they always insist on having their runners young, whole, nutty and flavoursome. One correspondent recalled how, as a child, she and her brothers and sisters used to be sent out by their mother to gather the runners in proper young



THE FRUITS OF *CYDONIA JAPONICA* ARE HARSH AND ACID WHEN RAW, BUT MAKE AN EXCELLENT RED JELLY, VERY DELICIOUS WITH GAME. THE VARIETY SHOWN IS "WILSONII," BUT MR. ELLIOTT REFERS TO THE BRILLIANT GOLDEN AND RICHLY SCENTED FRUITS OF "BOULE DE FEU."

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

pears, peaches, plums, etc., as well as forest trees, by sowing pips and stones, seeds, acorns, and so forth. This winter I have enjoyed the fruits resulting from a pip sown about thirteen years ago. I forget exactly what year it was, but it was at a time when bombs were quite unpleasantly abundant that I was being shown round his Woking nursery by my friend Rowland Jackman. From quite a distance away I noticed the ground under some deciduous bushes (it was winter) was quite golden with a fallen crop of what might have been oranges. They were the quince-like fruits of *Cydonia* "Boule de Feu," a variety with flowers of a very telling light red. Jackman gave me one or two, and later I extracted a few pips and sowed them. One of the progeny of this pip-planting now grows at the back of a mixed flower border in my garden—a bush 5 or 6 ft. tall and the same through. In early summer it is smothered from top to bottom with red blossoms very like those of its parent, and each autumn it carries a tremendous crop of golden fruits, as big as my fist, rather waxy-textured, and with a distinct scenty-fruity fragrance. When they fall, it looks from a distance as though a golden carpet had been spread under the bush. This year we made a few pounds of jelly from these fruits. It is a beautiful red colour, rather too acid behind its added sugar sweetness for my taste, but quite perfect for any of the meat dishes—jugged hare, etc.—with which redcurrant jelly is so good.



NOW ON VIEW: THE BEARSTED COLLECTION AT WHITECHAPEL.



"PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM BECKFORD" (1756-1844), OF FONTHILL, THE AUTHOR OF "VATHEK"; BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802). (Canvas; 93 by 57 ins.)



"LE COUP DE SOLEIL" ("THE BURST OF SUNSHINE"); BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL (c. 1629-1682). (Canvas; 15½ by 16 ins.)



"PORTRAITS OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ELY"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1792), PAINTED 1751. (Canvas; 95 by 71½ ins.)



"A GARDEN SCENE"; BY BERNARDO BELLOTTO (1720-1780), WHOSE STYLE MUCH RESEMBLES THAT OF HIS UNCLE, CANALETTO. (Canvas; 22 by 30½ ins.)



"THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN"; BY PIETER BRUEGHEL (c. 1525-1569). A WORK ENGRAVED BY GALLE IN 1574. (Panel; 15½ by 22 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A BRITISH OFFICER IN INDIAN DRESS"; BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802), AN OUTSTANDING PORTRAIT. (Canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A CHILD WITH A DOG"; A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL. ARTIST UNKNOWN. (Canvas; 36 by 30½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF LUDWIG II. OF HUNGARY"; BY THE MASTER OF THE MAGDALEN LEGEND (ACTIVE c. 1483-c. 1527). (Panel; 12½ by 9½ ins.)

The important Bearsted Collection of Paintings from Upton House, Oxfordshire, is being shown to the public at the Whitechapel Art Gallery from March 17 until April 17. The exhibition has been organised by the Trustees of the Whitechapel Art Gallery (of whom Lord Bearsted is chairman), in association with the National Trust of Great Britain. It will be remembered that the late Lord Bearsted presented Upton House, together with the collection of paintings, furniture and other works of art it contains, to the National Trust in 1948; but for Londoners who have not visited Upton House, the Whitechapel Art Gallery exhibition affords an opportunity to see this very fine collection. The paintings include works of the

British, Dutch, Flemish, French, German, Italian and Spanish Schools. The Italian group, containing, as it does, examples of the paintings of Giotto, Masaccio, Filippino Lippi, Giovanni di Paolo, Dosso Dossi, Crivelli, and other great Masters, is of special interest; and the British paintings include some outstandingly fine portraits, and Hogarth's "Night" and "Morning." The Flemish artist known as "The Master of the Magdalen Legend" was given his name from the painting by him of Christ and the Magdalen at Budapest. The majority of the pictures have not been previously exhibited in London, and our reproductions from photographs by Blinkhorns, of Banbury, give an idea of the range of the collection.





BY the oddest of coincidences, just about the day in January when I was noting down for this page a rude and witty epigram by Lord Chesterfield about that Admirable Crichton of the arts, William Kent—the Lord Chesterfield, who gave his son such worldly-wise advice and who is also remembered by the settee named after him; at least, I suppose it is named after him and not after the town—just at that moment a reader in Adelaide must have been sealing the envelope containing the photograph illustrated here in Fig. 1. It is a bureau with a drop front which presumably contains shelves behind the double doors of the upper part and which the owner not unnaturally labels “William Kent.” With this opinion we can all readily agree, provided we remember that Kent (1682–1748) was not a cabinet-maker, but an architect who was a protégé of Lord Burlington, and in that capacity left his mark upon the style of furniture and of interior decoration generally from about 1725 onwards.

We know very little about individual cabinet-makers before the middle of the eighteenth century, when Chippendale, that astute Yorkshire business man, put himself on the map by publishing his famous pattern book, “The Director,” in 1754, and even that does not necessarily contain original designs by him—not in every case, anyway—so that this bureau might be by any one of a dozen good manufacturers. The point about it is that an architectural conception of furniture was fashionable during the later years of William Kent’s lifetime and he, as the temporary Great Panjandrum of the arts, did as much as anyone



FIG. 1. A “PARTICULARLY NICE, CLEAN EXAMPLE” OF THE STYLE ASSOCIATED WITH WILLIAM KENT: A BUREAU WITH A DROP FRONT. (Height overall 8 ft. 6 ins.)

“This piece seems to me from the photograph a particularly nice, clean example of the style associated with him [William Kent]—the fluted columns, with their neat, Ionic capitals, the broken pediment and the asymmetrical finial in the centre. . . .”

to popularise it. This piece seems to me from the photograph a particularly nice, clean example of the style associated with him—the fluted columns, with their neat, Ionic capitals, the broken pediment and the asymmetrical finial in the centre; a detail which I rather think would date this bureau nearer the middle of the century than before, for the normal finial, both earlier and later, would more likely be a straightforward vase or shield, without this playful detail. I presume the wood is mahogany.

The more pernickety critic will perhaps point out that the superstructure is not very sensitively married to the lower portion, which is the usual type of bureau,

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. HALF A CENTURY OF CHANGE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

with two small and three long drawers, and perfectly plain; the answer to that is, of course, that the good craftsman of about 1740 who made it wasn’t in the least concerned with the theories of the twentieth century, but only with the climate of opinion of his own time. We must judge these things against their own background and this was dominated—I speak of the little world of fashionable architecture—by Lord Burlington, to whom Kent was chief factotum, or, if



FIG. 2. PAINTED IN COLOURS WITH TROPHIES, FLOWERS, RIBAND ORNAMENT AND SCROLLS ON A GREEN GROUND: A SHERATON CHAIR, ONE OF A SET OF SIX.

This late eighteenth-century chair in the style of Sheraton, with rail centres to the arched backs suspending festoons and with curved arm supports, is both comely and graceful in design.  
By courtesy of Christie’s.

that is not quite fair, whose ideas Kent and others translated into practical projects. Burlington was rich and devoted to architecture, especially to that of Palladio; Chiswick House was built by him, or rather planned in detail by others under his instructions, as a more or less close imitation of Palladio’s Villa Rotonda Capra near Vicenza. During his lifetime (1695–1753) he was both laughed at and flattered—the laughter and flattery were equally immoderate—and he was no doubt tiresome and wilful, but in an age when art patronage on the grand scale is rarely seen, we can well afford to remember with gratitude a self-willed and somewhat precious dilettante, who not only built himself splendid houses and encouraged others to do likewise, but, by his enthusiasm and example, enabled many other able men—among whom was Kent—to make their mark.

I return to Lord Chesterfield, who can generally be trusted to utter a biting comment upon almost anything. Burlington was credited with the design of a house in Cork Street for General Wade; this was so decorative without but so ill-contrived within that Chesterfield remarked: “As the General could not live in it at his ease, he had better take a house over against it and look at it.” How wise was Solomon when he said that there was nothing new under the sun! I know more than one Victorian Rectory of which the same could be said.

But I stray into the delicate question of what is a house fit to live in—a matter far removed from my assignment. Had William Kent lived another forty or fifty years into extreme old age, what would he—

so imbued with classical ideas, so admired a dictator—have thought of the ideals of his successors which, I venture to suggest, are epitomised in the painted chair of Fig. 2? Would he have thought it flimsy and frivolous, lacking the dignity of his own ponderous style? Or would he, growing as mellow with the years as we all hope to become, see in this pretty piece of painted furniture the result of further delvings into the past by young men who were as enthusiastic in their day as he and his patron, Burlington, had been in the 1720’s, when they succumbed joyfully to the magic of Italy? Whatever we may decide for ourselves about the ideals of his time, this is where they led—to something less grandiose, something less expensive (for it costs less to paint on wood than to carve it), but which still, in small details, acknowledges its debt to the classical past. By this decade—the 1790’s—right at the end of the century, the chair-making trade was producing these gay, attractive pieces in considerable quantity, not for one specific house, but for a much wider middle-class market, and it says much for the taste of the time that it insisted upon so comely and graceful a design. This chair, with five of its brethren, fetched 500 gns. at Christie’s on March 10.

Another piece from the collection of the late Viscountess D’Abernon was seen in the same rooms at the end of January (Fig. 3); how different in style from either of the other two! It is far more sophisticated but by no means irrelevant by the side of the others, because it shows exactly the same trend across the Channel—away from complicated ornament and towards an almost stark simplicity, though both design and detail are extremely subtle; indeed, the more you look closely at this cabinet, the more impressed you will be with its quality. The panelled doors are of kingwood, with rosewood borders; and what, would I ask, can be finer than the “figure” of the wood? The angles—that is, the corners—are canted and surmounted by ormolu plaques with triple columns and festoons of foliage, while at each corner are little circular bosses, also of ormolu. The top is a slab of Brescia marble. This is by the Paris cabinet-maker Nicolas Petit (1732–1791), who, we are told, began his distinguished career with the sumptuous, flowing curves of the style Louis XV., and then, towards the end of his life, completely changed his manner to the luxurious simplicity so clearly shown in such a bureau as this. Whether these gradual changes are invariably the



FIG. 3. BY N. PETIT (1732–1791): A LOUIS XVI. CABINET, THE KINGWOOD DOORS BORDERED WITH ROSEWOOD.

“... the more you look closely at this cabinet, the more impressed you will be with its quality. The panelled doors are of kingwood, with rosewood borders; and what, would I ask, can be finer than the ‘figure’ of the wood?”

By courtesy of Christie’s.

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result of one man’s influence and ingenuity who shall say? I suppose that in England we can assert that if any one man changed the design of furniture after about 1760 it was Robert Adam, and the chair of Fig. 2 could hardly have been evolved later had he not brought back ideas from Italy in the 1750’s. But fashions in furniture, like fashions in clothes, are bound to change as the years pass, and in these later years of the century simplicity was in the air—a natural reaction against the solemn grandeur of William Kent, an echo of whose work has so fortuitously reached my desk from the other side of the earth.



## THE REAL REDSKIN, UNTOUCHED BY CIVILISATION: UNIQUE DRAWINGS.



"FORT MCKENZIE, MOUTH OF THE MARIAS RIVER," MONTANA, PRINCIPAL TRADING POST OF THE BLACKFOOT TRIBES; BY CARL BODMER (1809-1893), SEPTEMBER 1833. (Water-colour; 17½ by 11½ ins.)



"HEAD OF A BUFFALO," UPPER MISSOURI VALLEY, JULY 19, 1833, MADE BY BODMER ON HIS NORTH AMERICAN JOURNEY. (Water-colour; 15 by 10½ ins.)



"LOW HORN, A NORTH BLACKFOOT CHIEF," FORT MCKENZIE, SEPTEMBER 1833. A PORTRAIT BY BODMER. (Water-colour; 12½ by 17½ ins.)



"CHIEF OF THE YANKTON DAKOTA," FORT PIERRE, MAY 30, 1833. BY CARL BODMER, WHO ACCOMPANIED PRINCE MAXIMILIAN ZU WIED ON HIS NORTH AMERICAN JOURNEY. (Water-colour; 8½ by 11½ ins.)



"MANDAN INDIAN BUFFALO DANCER." NOT DATED: ONE OF BODMER'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF INDIAN CUSTOMS. (Water-colour and pencil; 12 by 17½ ins.)



"SACRIFICIAL PLACE OF THE MANDAN INDIANS." NOVEMBER 1833; BY CARL BODMER, WHO RECORDED ASPECTS OF RED INDIAN LIFE WITH ACCURACY. (Water-colour; 10½ by 8½ ins.)



"SACRIFICE OF THE ASSINIBOIN INDIANS." NEAR FORT UNION, JULY 1833. A DRAWING COMBINING ANTHROPOLOGICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL INTEREST. (Water-colour; 12½ by 9½ ins.)

Life and customs of the North American Indians have been recorded by many artists, but the drawings made by Carl Bodmer (1809-1893), the Swiss artist who accompanied Prince Maximilian zu Wied on his North American journey in 1832-34, are in a special category. Bodmer had to carry out the exacting task of making drawings of Indian life and customs which would become an integral part of the scientific record of the expedition, and he succeeded in doing this with a skill and an accuracy which has roused the admiration of anthropologists and historians for many years. Over a hundred of Bodmer's drawings have been lent to the Smithsonian Institution by the estate of Prince Maximilian zu Wied at Schloss Neuwied; and the collection was brought to the United States by Prince Karl Viktor zu Wied, great-grandnephew of Prince Maximilian, as a loan to the Smithsonian Institution Travelling Exhibition Service for exhibition in Washington, D.C., Omaha, Los Angeles and other United States cities, ending its tour this month in New York. Prince Karl Viktor has contributed a foreword

to the catalogue in which he points out that Prince Maximilian, a natural scientist of extensive training, much regretted that during his journey in Brazil in 1815-17 he was not accompanied by an artist, and thus when he arranged his journey in the territory of the Upper Missouri River in North America, he decided to take a painter with him. He chose the Swiss artist Carl Bodmer, who was aged twenty-three when the journey started. "Prince Maximilian and Bodmer formed an outstanding team," he writes. "Their appearance in the West became a milestone in the history of discovery. The Indian . . . now for the first time became an object of study for the scientist and for the artist employed in the cause of science. . . ." The water-colours and drawings in the exhibition were chosen from the material at Schloss Neuwied. While the majority of the drawings were used to illustrate a travel book published in 1839, a number are unpublished, and most have never been exhibited before. They represent a "carefully planned pictorial report on the landscape, peoples and fauna of the region visited."

By Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## SUDAN BIRDS AND BIRD PROBLEMS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE professional scientist is, for the most part, the product of modern civilization. This qualification is added, a little hurriedly perhaps, because without some research into the history of science it would be unwise to state dogmatically that even 2000 years ago there was none that lived entirely from his participation in this field of study. Certainly the foundations of the science of natural history, or biology, were laid by amateurs, and they contributed much of its superstructure. The pages of the British scientific journals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries bear eloquent testimony to this, and even to-day, when the number of professional botanists and zoologists is higher than ever before, the amateur or non-professional continues to make a substantial contribution. Conspicuous among these unpaid contributors are the names of many members of the fighting Services, and the latest to be brought before us is that of Colonel Francis O. Cave, late of the Equatorial Corps, Sudan Defence Force.

In a Foreword to "Birds of the Sudan," by F. O. Cave and J. D. Macdonald (Oliver and Boyd; 45s.), Sir James W. Robertson, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., tells us: "Colonel Cave has spent many years in the Sudan and his distinguished service both in the Sudan Defence Force and later in the Sudan Police enabled him to travel widely, especially in the three Southern Provinces. This helped him to record many little known species, and his wide circle of friends assisted him at the same time to maintain close contact with bird observers in other parts of the country." This is, however, only part of the story, and in detailing the rest of it we have an insight into one of the ways in which knowledge of this kind is built up. Colonel Cave found inevitably that his observations in the field raised queries that could best be answered from academic sources. He wrote to Mr. J. D. Macdonald, curator in charge of birds in the British Museum (Natural History):

There was already a fair literature on the subject. The earliest of this is contained in the fifth volume of James Bruce's "Travels," published in 1790, and between 1820 and 1846 a dozen naturalists visited the Sudan, studying and collecting birds. The more fruitful period was, however, from 1847 to 1885, when a long series of expeditions added considerably to our knowledge and to the collections of skins accumulating in the museums of Europe. Interrupted by the unrest following General Gordon's death in 1885, the more settled conditions that ensued gave a fresh impetus, so that W. W. Bowen was able to record in 1931, in his "Catalogue of Sudan Birds," no fewer than 713 species. Not all the work was done by visiting naturalists and explorers. J. Petherick, for example, was a mining engineer, trader and consul. He had the misfortune to lose most of the collections he had made when a boat capsized on one of the cataracts, as he was on his way home, in 1859. Other residents, who made valuable contributions, were A. L. Butler, Superintendent of Game Preservation from 1901 to 1915, and Dr. C. Christy, who collected birds incidentally to his investigation of sleeping sickness.

In spite of the accumulated literature and specimens Macdonald was often unable to answer Cave's questions, or else a request for information by Cave evoked a request from Macdonald for further investigation on the spot of some particular point, and in the end it was suggested that Macdonald should himself go out to the Sudan where, in 1938-39, he joined Colonel Cave exploring especially in the south, in the mountains on the Uganda border. The

The final result of this co-operation between an amateur enthusiast and a specialist is the present volume of 444 pages, illustrated with twelve beautiful coloured plates and numerous line-drawings by D. M. Reid Henry, twelve plates of photographs and several maps. The bulk of the work is devoted to descriptions of the 871 species, which will, to quote once again from the Foreword, "appeal not only to European residents and visitors, but also to those Sudanese now taking an active interest in the natural history of their country." A valuable feature, following introductory tables of classification and explanatory notes, is the introduction to families which gives a bird's-eye-view of the classification as a whole. The descriptions of species are followed by appendices on the zones of vegetation and the history of bird exploration in the Sudan, and the whole concludes with a bibliography and an index.

Anyone familiar with the birds of the British Isles alone will feel as he scans the coloured plates in this volume that he is among old friends. He will see the garganey, teal and widgeon, and he will see many others that closely resemble the birds seen in Britain. He may even feel disappointment that there are so few spectacular birds, which he might have expected to see, although the plate of sunbirds will largely offset this. Herein is epitomized the special interest of the Sudan, for it represents the meeting of several zoogeographical regions. Within its varied country are found birds typical of Abyssinia, of East Africa, Uganda and the Congo. And to these are added a number of migrants to Europe. In other parts of Africa one tends to find the same birds over wide stretches of country. From Sierra Leone to Lake Chad, shall we say, the same birds are found all the way, but the Sudan list is much more diversified.

It need hardly be said that Colonel Cave and Mr. Macdonald have made a valuable contribution to the literature on African birds, and the completeness of their survey extends to the inclusion of lists of Arabic and other local names. I must confess to a feeling of disappointment that nothing more was said of the dioch, although there are two excellent photographs. This is, however, carping criticism, for in fact to have emphasised one species alone would have been, to some extent, incongruous to the general treatment. Yet to the Sudan the dioch, one of the weaver-birds, presents as burning a problem as the European rabbit in Australia, the starling in North America, the grey squirrel in Britain, and many others. In comparatively recent times, the dioch, a seed-eater, has taken to eating grain. Whether this has led to a phenomenal increase in its numbers or whether the large numbers

of the bird now obtaining make its grain-eating a serious matter, its present numbers are such that trees used as roosts tend to collapse from the sheer weight of birds. At the moment, there is no obvious remedy. Moreover, the disturbing increases seen in the Sudan are being paralleled now in adjacent areas, such as Tanganyika, and even as far afield from it as Nigeria and South Africa.



A TREE WITH ITS BRANCHES BROKEN DOWN BY THE WEIGHT OF THE HUGE FLOCKS OF DIOCH ROOSTING IN IT. THE DIOCH, A SPECIES OF WEAVER-BIRD, HAS ASSUMED PEST-PROPORTIONS IN RECENT YEARS, FEEDING ON CULTIVATED GRAIN AND ROOSTING IN TREMENDOUS NUMBERS TO THE DETRIMENT OF CROPS AND WOODLANDS.

Photographs by C. E. Wilson; reproduced from "Birds of the Sudan"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, Oliver and Boyd.



REMINISCENT OF THE PRE-ROOSTING FLIGHTS OF THE BETTER-KNOWN STARLING: A DAWN FLIGHT OF THE SUDAN DIOCH (QUELEA QUELEA) FROM ROOSTS ON THE BLUE NILE.

result of their teamwork was to increase the list of species recorded for the Sudan from 713 to 871. Included in this number was the banded francolin, discovered first by T. von Heuglin, in 1863. Nothing more was heard of this bird until Cave and Macdonald, after tracing von Heuglin's route by identifying his old place-names with those used to-day, re-discovered it.



# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**DIED ON MARCH 10, AGED SEVENTY-SIX :  
MRS. WINTRINGHAM.**

Mrs. Wintringham, first woman Liberal Member of Parliament, was the second woman to sit in the House of Commons. Her husband, elected Liberal Member for Louth in 1920, died suddenly in 1921 and she courageously fought the by-election and was returned. She was re-elected in 1922 and lost her seat in 1924. She was President National Liberal Women's Federation in 1932.



**PROFESSIONAL SQUASH CHAMPION FOR THE FIFTH TIME :  
HASHIM KHAN.**

Hashim Khan (Pakistan) successfully defended his title of Professional Squash Rackets Champion—which he has now held for five successive years—by defeating his brother Azam Khan in the final at the Lansdowne Club on March 7 by 7-9, 9-6; 8-10; 9-5; 9-6. In an exciting semi-final he was fully extended by his compatriot Rosham Khan, but the champion has been called a player who "can make any shot from any angle, from any part of the court"—and is thus hard to beat.



**CAPTAINS OF THE UNIVERSITY GOLF SIDES : (LEFT) MR. R. GARDINER-HILL (OXFORD) AND (RIGHT) MR. G. HUDDY (CAMBRIDGE).**  
This year's Inter-University Golf Match, played at Rye on March 18-19, brings together as rival captains Mr. Gardiner-Hill of Oxford (Eton and Worcester) and Mr. Huddy of Cambridge (Rotherham Grammar School and Selwyn). Last year's event was won by Cambridge.

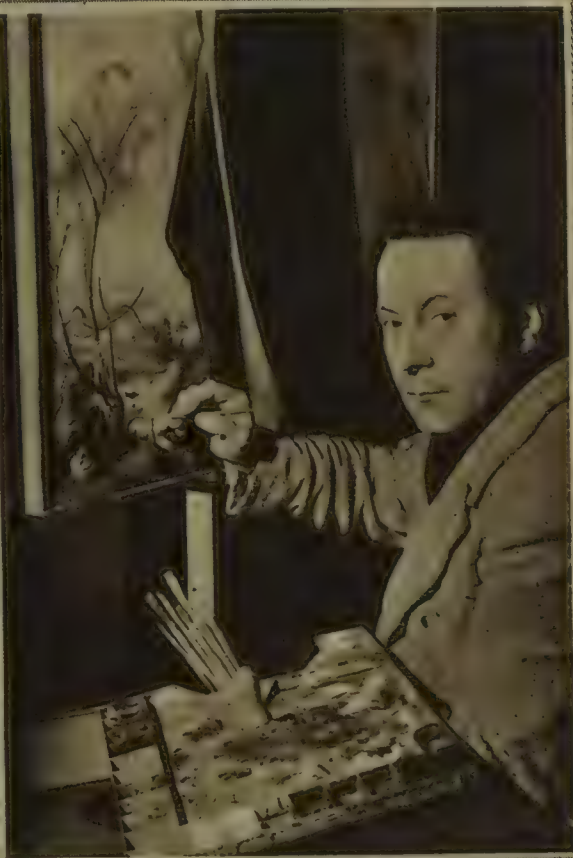
(Left.) **MODERATOR OF THE FREE CHURCH FEDERAL COUNCIL : THE REV. F. P. COPLAND SIMMONS.**  
The installation of the Rev. F. P. Copland Simmons, minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Frognal, as Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council is fixed for March 23 at the national congress at Northampton. Mr. Copland Simmons, a graduate of Durham University, is the son of the Rev. A. Simmons.

(Right.) **COMPLETING HIS PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN : SIGNOR PIETRO ANNIGNONI.**  
Signor Pietro Annignoni, the Italian portrait painter, recently finished his portrait of H.M. the Queen commissioned for the Fishmongers Company. The portrait, which he is submitting to the Royal Academy for the Summer Exhibition, is a three-quarter-length study of her Majesty standing in the sunshine.



**A MAN WHO DID MUCH FOR INDUSTRIAL ART: THE LATE MR. J. A. MILNE.**

Mr. J. A. Milne, who died on March 5, aged eighty-two, did much for the cause of industrial art. In 1935 he originated the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art in Industry. He was President of the British Colour Council, 1934-44; and Chairman of the Council of the Royal Society of Arts, 1932-35. In 1940 he was awarded the Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts.



**NEW FINNISH AMBASSADOR :  
MR. SAKARI TUOMIOJA.**

The new Finnish Ambassador to Britain, Mr. Sakari Tuomioja, was received by her Majesty the Queen on March 10 to present his credentials. Before his appointment, Mr. Tuomioja was the chief director of the Bank of Finland. He has been Foreign Minister in two post-war Cabinets and Prime Minister from November to May this year. He succeeds Mr. Ossian Soravuo.



**THE KING OF NEPAL DIES :  
KING TRIBHUVANA.**

King Tribhuvana of Nepal died at Zürich on March 13, aged forty-eight. He ascended the throne in 1911 and reigned for many years as almost a titular monarch, but towards the end of his reign his influence on behalf of constitutional reforms was widely felt. In 1950 he fled to India, and returned to Nepal some months later under a more democratic régime.



**HUNGARIAN PREMIER CON-  
DEMNED : MR. IMRE NAGY.**

Following the announcement from Budapest on February 20 that the Prime Minister, Mr. Nagy, was seriously ill, the fierce attacks upon his "deviationist" policy culminated in the condemnation on March 11 by Mr. Rakosi, Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party. The Prime Minister is said to be in a Budapest sanatorium.



**AWARDED THE CHESNEY GOLD MEDAL : SIR ARTHUR BRYANT.**

The Royal United Service Institution Chesney Gold Medal, devised as an occasional award for writers who have treated of Service matters with outstanding distinction, was presented to Sir Arthur Bryant, the great historian, who contributes our weekly "Note Book," on March 8, by General Sir Richard Gale, at the Institution's anniversary meeting.



**THE MALTESE LABOUR PARTY IN  
POWER : MR. DOMINIC MINTOFF.**

On March 10, after Dr. Borg Olivier had conceded defeat at the polls, the new Prime Minister, Mr. Mintoff, formed a Cabinet drawn entirely from the Labour Party, of which he is leader. Mr. Mintoff advocates the economic integration of Malta with the United Kingdom. He is thirty-eight years of age, and a graduate of Hertford College, Oxford.



# NOTABLE MATTERS, UNUSUAL SCENES AND CHARMING OCCASIONS: A FAR-FLUNG PICTORIAL SURVEY.



(LEFT.) TOWED IN HIS CAR BY OFFICERS INSTEAD OF BEING ROWED ASHORE: REAR-ADMIRAL DOWLING, WHO HAS HANDED OVER TO REAR-ADMIRAL BURELL. Rear-Admiral Dowling has just handed over to Rear-Admiral Burell, who now becomes Flag Officer Commanding Australian Fleet. As the flagship H.M.A.S. Sydney berthed alongside the pier at Williamstown, he could not be rowed ashore in customary style, so the officers towed his car along the jetty.

(RIGHT.) COMING ABOARD BY HELICOPTER: CAPTAIN D. R. F. CAMPBELL, D.S.C., R.N., COMMANDING OFFICER OF H.M.S. ARK ROYAL. Captain D. R. F. Campbell, D.S.C., R.N., commanding officer of the *Ark Royal*, the Royal Navy's most up-to-date aircraft-carrier, came aboard her in an A.51 helicopter, the first aircraft to touch down on her deck. The *Ark Royal* sailed on her acceptance trials on February 25; the commissioning service having been held on February 22, conducted by the Chaplain of the Fleet.



A FAIRY-TALE COME TRUE IN COPENHAGEN—CHILDREN QUEUING UP FOR LEMONADE SPOUTING FROM A FOUNTAIN—LAID ON BY THE DANISH CHILDREN'S FUND, THE LOCAL HEALTH AUTHORITIES AND WATER BOARD.



WINTER GRIPS LOVELY VENICE IN HIS IRON HANDS: THE PROWS OF GONDOLAS COVERED IN SEVERAL INCHES OF SNOW; AND MEN ENGAGED IN CLEARING IT FROM THE PIAZZETTA.



SPRING-CLEANING IN VENICE IN PREPARATION FOR THE COMING SEASON: AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE ST. MARK'S CAMPANILE RINGED WITH SCAFFOLDING AND WOODEN PLATFORMS FOR THE MEN TO STAND ON WHILE WORKING.



SHOWING THE TUNNEL FOR THE ELECTRICALLY-DRIVEN BOW PROPELLER: THE PRINCESS OF VANCOUVER.

The new C.P.R. ferry-boat *Princess of Vancouver* has an electrically-driven bow propeller in a thwartship tunnel, which is controlled from either the bridge or after-decking bridge, enabling her to manoeuvre quickly into position for rapid discharge and loading without the aid of tugs. It can be seen in this photograph of her entering the water.



AFTER HER SUCCESS AT THE SCALA, MILAN: MISS MARGOT FONTEYN (MADAME ARIAS) RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS. Miss Margot Fonteyn, the Sadler's Wells Prima Ballerina Assoluta, scored a great success in Milan when she appeared in the title-rôle of Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" at the Scala. Three performances were given, and she returned to London on March 14 by air. Our photograph shows her receiving the congratulations of the Scala manager.



A FASHION SHOW AT ARUNDEL CASTLE: MANNEQUINS PARADING IN THE GREAT HALL.

A fashion show was held in the hall of Arundel Castle, the great Sussex home of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, in aid of the Crippled Children of Sussex. Our photograph shows mannequins parading on the ingeniously planned narrow platform stage in the centre of the Great Hall before a packed audience.





AT A FAREWELL PARTY: THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE SUDAN, SAYED ISMAIL EL AZHARI (WEARING GLASSES), PRESENTING A TRAY TO SIR ROBERT HOWE.

Sir Robert Howe, the retiring Governor-General of the Sudan, was given an impressive send-off on March 10, when he left Khartoum Station for Port Sudan, with his wife on their way to Britain. At a farewell party before he left, the Prime Minister of the Sudan presented Sir Robert Howe with a silver tray and finger-bowls

## HERE AND THERE: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



JUST BEFORE LEAVING KHARTOUM: BY TRAIN! SIR ROBERT HOWE HAVING A LAST CONVERSATION WITH THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE SUDAN.

carrying the Sudan provinces' badges. Sir Robert Howe, who is sixty-one, asked to retire for personal reasons. He is succeeded by Sir Knox Helm, who is taking over during the transitional period which, under the Sudanese Self-Government Statute, runs for a maximum period of three years from January 1, 1954.



WHERE A THOUSAND OFFICERS AND MEN HAVE ALREADY TRAINED IN THE "FREE ESCAPE" METHOD OF ASCENDING FROM SUNKEN SUBMARINES: THE STEEL TOWER AT FORT BLOCKHOUSE, GOSPORT, WHICH CONTAINS A 100-FT. COLUMN OF WATER.



WHERE FOUR BRITISH SOLDIERS DIED: THE BURNING BARN AT MATTIGHOFEN, IN THE U.S. ZONE OF AUSTRIA. Four British soldiers of the 1st Bn. Middlesex Regiment died, and nine others were seriously injured, in a barn fire at Mattighofen, north of Salzburg, in the U.S. zone of Austria. The fire broke out while the men were resting in the barn loft while taking part in routine manoeuvres in conjunction with the U.S. forces in Austria.



SAID TO HAVE BEEN IGNITED BY THE FIRING OF A VERY LIGHT PISTOL: THE GUTTED BARN AT MATTIGHOFEN.

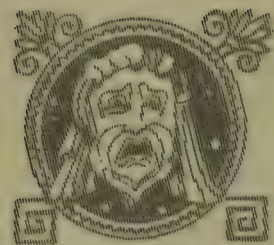


FEEDING HIS LION: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL OFFERING A CHICKEN TO THE OUT-STRETCHED PAW OF ROTA DURING A VISIT TO THE LONDON ZOO. On March 11 Sir Winston Churchill paid a visit to the London Zoo to see his lion Rota, now recovering after an illness. The Prime Minister, who spent some time in the Lion House, fed his seventeen-year-old lion with a chicken, which was obviously appreciated by the animal.



DURING TRIALS: MR. DONALD CAMPBELL'S TURBO-JET HYDROPLANE BLUE BIRD CARRYING OUT A SPEED RUN ON ULLSWATER ON MARCH 11. Mr. Donald Campbell is carrying out speed trials on Ullswater in his turbo-jet hydroplane Blue Bird, in which he hopes, probably in June, to beat the present world water-speed record. On March 12 Mr. Campbell made his fastest run (up to the date of writing), when he reached over 150 m.p.h. The world record stands at 178.4 m.p.h.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### A STAR IS RE-BORN.

By ALAN DENT.



FOR once in a way, the synopsis—that leaflet which is handed to each reviewer at the private show of a new film just in case his or her faculties should be unreceptive at ten o'clock in the morning—is succinct and unfacetious and phrased with reasonable clarity.

Here it is:—"Esther Blodgett is just another ambitious showgirl until she meets Norman Maine, a popular but erratic film actor, who recognises in her an unusual quality—the quality of stardom. As Vicki Lester, he grooms her step by step. She reaches the top and marries Maine at the height of her fame. But he is drinking heavily and his own star is fading. Determined to restore her husband's health, Esther plans to give up her work and look after him. But Maine, refusing to be a drag on her career, walks into the ocean and swims away into the sunset. Esther is grief-stricken. She turns away from the world of show business until she is made to realise that her husband died so that he would not destroy her brilliant future. Only then does Esther return to the career she loves, proud to be known as Mrs. Norman Maine."

Such is the plot of "A Star is Born." It is familiar already to everyone interested in the cinema as exactly the plot of a film in which Janet Gaynor (of the brave smile) and Fredric March (of the engaging frown) appeared and made a distinctive mark a long time ago. But with a rare and commendable honesty no one has changed the title, and someone has added songs and dances and has had the crowning inspiration to pick Judy Garland and James Mason for the rising and the falling stars respectively. The tale, in short, is as old as the hills, but it is here masterfully re-told.

The film is a triumph for Miss Garland and Mr. Mason. But it is equally, though less obviously, a triumph for that brilliant director, George Cukor, who grabs the chance with both hands of making this sentimental thing a crackling satire on the sentimentalities as well as all the other excesses of Hollywood.

At the very start we are privileged to be present at the opening of a brand-new film at the celebrated cinema-house on Hollywood Boulevard where film-celebrities obey the revolting injunction to leave the imprint of their shoes on a sea of wet cement. (I saw this, or at least diverted my gaze from it, when I found myself staying in the hotel opposite, a little over a year ago: it really does exist.) Floodlights glare and

film-producer and the public-relations man—so well played respectively by Charles Bickford and Jack Carson—are so true-to-type that the general public may find them unrecognisable or even unacceptable. They are, in fact, almost the sincerest characters in

#### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



JUDY GARLAND AS VICKI LESTER IN "A STAR IS BORN."

Mr. Alan Dent writes: "Bewitching in her old familiar way in song and dance and sauciness, Judy Garland undoubtedly gives the performance of the fortnight, and even of the year, so far as it has gone. She shows, moreover, a hitherto unsuspected command of pathos and genuine emotion in this old-fashioned but irresistible tale of a rising young actress married to a drunken and declining actor, and staying faithful to him even in his degradation. Her singing and playing make up in assurance and drive for what little they have lost in shining-eyed youthfulness, and her clothes—particularly a garb which appears to consist principally of a preternaturally long tail-coat and a pair of black silk tights—are part of her radiant essence."

have come together, his one mistress is the bottle. It is so nice to have a film that, for a startling change, has no single spot of adultery! Nothing comes between them—except a yawning abyss full of alcohol. In due course there arrives the moment when Vicki asks the unanswerable key-question which has to be asked of every hopeless alcoholic:—"What is it that makes him want to destroy himself?"

Another refreshing thing is that though "A Star is Born" is an hour longer than the usual film, it distinctly seems an hour shorter, such are its momentum and vivacity. It is episodic in the sense that, looking back, one recalls one episode after another, and yet so smooth is the direction that one has not the slightest impression of jerkiness in the narration. Characteristic episodes are Miss Garland's half-dozen songs, especially a highly elaborate affair in which she neatly hits off a dozen different types of actress, all for the delectation of an audience of one—her temporarily sober husband. Another moment one vividly and easily remembers is that in which Norman Maine looks through a window at some workmen who are removing a poster with the legend "See Norman Maine in *Black Legion*" and replacing it with another poster which says "See Vicki Lester in *Happiness Ahead*."

These things are excellent. But they are surpassed by the genuine dramatic horror of the scenes showing Norman's ultimate degradation first in a sanitarium for inebriates, and then in a police court scene where he has to take his place in a queue of murderous riff-raff, is recognised and rebuked by the judge, and is solaced by a wan little smile from Vicki who has come to plead for another chance for him. And the various episodes reach their culmination in almost the very last sequence—or, more accurately, the last but one—when Vicki is mobbed by a pack of raucous idolaters at her own husband's funeral. Harking back as it does to the opening shot, this brilliantly completes this big, heartfelt, and heart-whole film's pattern of design.

For a stretch in the middle James Mason looks like "running away"—as the saying goes—with the film altogether. But it is Judy Garland's triumph to run after him and grab it back! This happens at the precise moment when Norman arrives drunk at a reception at which Vicki has just been given a trophy for the performance of the year. He staggers on to the stage to lurch beside his horrified wife, say some incoherent words, and suddenly throw his arms wide,



"THE FILM IS A TRIUMPH FOR MISS GARLAND AND MR. MASON": "A STAR IS BORN" (WARNER BROS.), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE CINEMASCOPE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION, IN WHICH NORMAN MAINE (JAMES MASON) LEAVES THE POLICE COURT SUPPORTED BY VICKI LESTER (JUDY GARLAND), AND OLIVER NILES, THE FILM PRODUCER (CHARLES BICKFORD). THEY ARE MET BY PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS.



"A FILM WHICH IS PACKED FULL OF GOOD ACTING": "A STAR IS BORN," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH NORMAN (JAMES MASON) ARRIVES DRUNK AT A RECEPTION AT WHICH VICKI (JUDY GARLAND) HAS JUST BEEN GIVEN A TROPHY FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF THE YEAR. HE TURNS TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE AND, MUTTERING SOME INCOHERENT WORDS, OPENS HIS ARMS WIDE AND ACCIDENTALLY GIVES VICKI A BLOW ON THE FACE.

London première, March 3; Warner Theatre, Leicester Square.

trumpets blare. Each second a spoiled darling, swathed in mink, flaunts out of a sleek car and is hoarsely hailed by the mob outside. We hear a radio commentator say of one such dazzling smiler:—"Did ya ever see anyone so unspoiled, so down-to-earth?"

In these and a hundred other instances Mr. Cukor and the script-writer, Moss Hart, were obviously of a mind and in active co-operation. The parts of the

film, with their beautifully controlled impatience of tantrums and their quite philosophic acceptance of the need for vanity and garishness.

Perhaps the most refreshing thing of all about this sad see-saw of a love-story is that neither party—neither Vicki Lester, the rising luminary, nor Norman Maine, the falling one—is ever out of love or unfaithful. We are clearly given to understand that once the two

giving Vicki a blow between the eyes. The scene between the two that immediately follows, in which Vicki even with her bruised face is bitterly reproachful rather than furious, will surprise even those who have been most loyal to Miss Garland in all her ups and all her downs. It is the most effective acting in a film which is packed full of good acting. It also happens to be deeply and genuinely moving.



NEWS FROM ALL QUARTERS: A MISCELLANY OF INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPHS.



A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY A 74-MILES-AN-HOUR GALE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: A 400-FT.-LONG METAL BRIDGE IN THE PLANT OF THE BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY, AT JOHNSTOWN, PA., BUCKLED AND HURLED TO THE GROUND. NO ONE WAS INJURED IN THE ACCIDENT.



UNDERGOING RESTORATION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE HEAD OF MINERVA, DISCOVERED IN 1727, NEAR THE SITE OF THE ROMAN BATHS, BATH. Restoration of the Roman bronze head of Minerva will entail removing the eighteenth-century addition of heavy lead (shown below white chalk line) and the filling of wood and tar within. The head is to be mounted on a marble plinth and returned to Bath Museum in time for the Festival.



AFTER HER LAUNCH FROM WILLIAM DENNY AND BROTHERS' YARD, DUMBARTON: THE TWIN-SCREW PASSENGER AND CARGO MOTOR-VESSEL CLAYMORE. The twin-screw passenger and cargo motor-ship *Claymore* has just been launched from the William Denny and Brothers' Yard to the order of David MacBrayne Ltd., of Glasgow. She is designed for the carriage of passengers, mails, motor-cars, cargo, and cattle on voyages on the west coast of Scotland. She can carry 400 first and 900 third-class travellers.



INCLUDING THE FIRST PILOT OF AN AIRCRAFT TO BE AWARDED A R.N.L.I. SILVER MEDAL: RECIPIENTS OF AWARDS OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION WHICH WERE PRESENTED BY THE DUCHESS OF KENT ON MARCH 8. Our group shows (l. to r., back row): Coxswain W. W. Williams (silver medal), Motor Mechanic G. G. Jordan (bronze medal), Asst. Motor Mechanic G. J. Davies (clasp to bronze medal), Coxswain R. Walsh (silver medal), Second Coxswain W. Duggan (bronze medal), Motor Mechanic R. M. Hickey (bronze medal), Coxswain W. J. Harvey (silver medal); and (in front), Coxswain G. Lamey (bronze medal), Coxswain H. Bradford (bronze medal), Coxswain Eric Taylor (bronze medal); and Captain Curtis E. Perkins (silver medal), the U.S. 66 Air Rescue Squadron, who rescued by helicopter the sole survivor of the *South Goodwin* lightship, and Major Paul L. Park, Captain W. R. Kusy, and Airman First Class E. H. Vollman (inscribed scrolls).



HOLDING THE REMAINS OF A WIND GENERATOR WHICH HE MOUNTED TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO AND FOUND STILL WORKING: A SIGNAL CORPS OBSERVER OF THE U.S. ICE-BREAKER *ATKA* IN LITTLE AMERICA, IN THE ANTARCTIC. The U.S. Naval Expedition to the Antarctic found that much of Little America, the base where Admiral Byrd last stayed in 1947, had disappeared. A Signal Corps observer of the *Atka*, however, found one relic—the remains of a wind generator he himself had mounted, and it is being brought back for Admiral Byrd.



AN UNUSUAL STRUCTURE OCCUPYING THE CENTRE OF THE PLACE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS: A TENT, CLAIMED TO BE AN EXACT REPRESENTATION OF THAT USED BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I. In honour of the premier presentation of the veteran French actor Sacha Guitry's new film, "*Napoléon*," a tent, which, it is claimed, was an exact representation of that used by the Emperor, was set up outside the Opera House, Paris. Our photograph shows crowds watching final touches to its construction.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## GREEK AND WELSH.

By J. C. TREWIN.

ONLY a few weeks ago I was recording what the Cambridge A.D.C., in its centenary production, had done to "Hamlet." Now the theme—at least, for the beginning of this article—is what the Oxford University Dramatic Society, in its one-hundredth major production, has done to the "Hippolytus" of Euripides.

Observe the phrase: "one-hundredth major production." O.U.D.S. is not yet a century old. It was founded in 1884 and staged its first play, "King



THE ONE-HUNDREDTH MAJOR PRODUCTION OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY: EURIPIDES' TRAGEDY "HIPPOLYTUS," PRODUCED IN THE DIVINITY SCHOOL, SHOWING NURSE (AVRIL ELGAR; LEFT) TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT MAKES PHÆDRA (DILYS HAMLETT) ILL.

Henry IV., Part I.", in May 1885. Cosmo Gordon Lang, of Balliol, President of the Union, spoke the prologue, which had been written by George Curzon, of All Souls', and contained the lines:

At this shrine of Science  
We meet to join in nuptial alliance  
Oxford, a bachelor *præclaro nomine*,  
And the famed Grecian maiden called Melpomene.  
For her hath he vows of allegiance taken,  
For him hath she all other lovers forsaken . . .

It ended:

But bid the Bride as now the curtain rises  
Loud welcome to a home beside the Isis.

The cast of that first production contained such names—later respected on the professional stage—as "Mr. A. Bouchier" (Hotspur) and "Mr. E. H. [Holman] Clark" as First Carrier. Falstaff was the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge. According to Alan Mackinnon, who wrote the history of O.U.D.S. long ago, Falstaff was much disturbed by his false stomach. He found the padded one too hot and refused to wear it. Eventually he appeared "in a substructure of wicker, which, besides creaking during the performance, developed a tiresome kink when he fell headlong in the battle of Shrewsbury."

Minor misadventures aside, that first play—in the Town Hall, Oxford—appears now to have been a shining success. I rather wish—sentimentally, perhaps—that for its hundredth major production, O.U.D.S. had revived "King Henry IV., Part I.": it would have been agreeably symmetrical. Oxford has usually had the right players. "My lord," said Hamlet to Polonius, "you played once if the University, you say?" "That did I, my lord," answered Polonius, "and was accounted a good actor." The actors are still there; but I am afraid that I came away from the latest O.U.D.S. night, thinking of the producer—and this should not be, especially when it is such a play as the "Hippolytus."

It is twenty years since Maurice Evans appeared in a perfectly straight revival of the tragedy at the Old Vic. (That was the Gilbert Murray version.) One accepts the fact that the Greek drama is uneasy on a modern stage; but the "Hippolytus" that night swept across with extraordinary power. Certainly I have never forgotten Evans's diction, any

more than I have forgotten it in Richard the Second, Benedick and half-a-dozen other parts he did during the season. For that matter, I remember the sound-and-swell of the choruses in Gilbert Murray's surging verse. This style of translation is called old-fashioned now; but, having been won to Greek drama by it, I must regret that it seems to be passing from the theatre.

This is not a complaint about Kenneth Cavander's new translation, which came through to us as excellently austere and speakable. One has to return, inevitably, in the O.U.D.S. "Hippolytus," to the manner of the production by Caspar Wrede, now a professional. He presented the tragedy in the fifteenth-century Divinity School with its magnificent ceiling. At one end was a small Greek stage. And there, presently, when Aphrodite had had her say—Hilary Firmin, on her pedestal at one side, looked as properly decorative as Penny Hopkins's Artemis on the other—the mortals began to play out the drama from behind stiff, formal masks.

This, I felt, almost drove the tragedy from our minds. We do not need, in modern performance, a convention suited to those vast amphitheatres, the sunlight and marble of Attica. In the Divinity School (with an occasional flurry of fine snow outside the windows) the masks repelled. I knew that Dilys Hamlett—also a professional now—was speaking Phædra with true passion, and that Jeffry Wickham's Hippolytus and Jack Good's Theseus were each in key. But Phædra's fixed look of terror, and an expression on the face of Hippolytus for which Miss Daisy Ashford has the only word, "very sneery"—how were we to respond to these, or to other grotesque faces that set me thinking less of Greek tragedy than of the masks that Elizabeth Haffenden designed years ago for Priestley's night-club in "Johnson Over Jordan"? Moreover, the masks were rigid. The mouths did not move. Voices sounded hollow behind them, and the players looked at first like ventriloquists' dummies without strings.

Even with this handicap, the "Hippolytus" did establish itself. It is hard to minimise the impact of the tragedy, its mere humankind helpless before the contending immortals. The last passages moved us, as they always must, in spite of those unyielding masks. Mr. Wrede used his stage well. By then we had come to accept the curious figures—Malcolm Pride was the designer—with their contorted faces and the costumes, silver or russet or clear green, that at least decorated the spectacle. Even so, I do not think that a producer should push so boldly between us and the play, and certainly not in the one-hundredth major production of O.U.D.S.

University playing has given much pleasure in recent years. I shall prefer to think not of the latest

alliance between O.U.D.S. and "the famed Grecian maiden called Melpomene," but of an Imogen and Olivia, a suitably gloating Richard the Third, a well-controlled King John, a Hamlet (and also a Player King, a part so often murdered), and an open-air "Tempest" by the lilled lake of Worcester. Much else, of course; but that will do. Meanwhile, I wait with enthusiasm for the beginning of the second hundred, though I pray that faces may be unvizarded and dramatists allowed to speak unmuffled.

My second production this week is also experimental: "Under Milk Wood," Dylan Thomas's



"THE LAST PASSAGES MOVED US, AS THEY ALWAYS MUST, IN SPITE OF THOSE UNYIELDING MASKS": "HIPPOLYTUS" (O.U.D.S.), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) MESSENGER (D. MITCHELL, OF JESUS COLLEGE), HIPPOLYTUS (J. WICKHAM, OF BALLIOL) AND THESEUS (J. GOOD, OF BALLIOL, PRESIDENT OF THE O.U.D.S.). THESEUS HOLDS THE DYING HIPPOLYTUS IN HIS ARMS.

"play for voices." Edward Burnham, of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, bravely staged this in the new Vanbrugh Theatre of R.A.D.A., and it deserved more than a single private matinée. The players were senior students. It is not my purpose to pick and choose between them. What mattered was the way in which they worked together to present Thomas visually as well as vocally.

You will recall that the scene is a small Welsh town by the sea, a town that is "head over bells in love." When we are entering it first, it is midnight and moonless, "starless and Bible-black." Then it is broad day: "Spring whips green down Cockle Road, and the shells ring out . . . This snip of a morning is wildfruit and warm, the streets, fields, sands and waters springing in the young sun." It is night again and "a breeze from the creased water sighs the streets close under Milk waking Wood." By now the complex tracery of words has grown familiar. Several sound-radio performances have brought out its immense frolic gusto, its power of creation in a phrase.

The visual side, one might say, is unimportant. Thomas gets us to see so clearly that he does not need illustration. But Mr. Burnham and his cast showed how exciting it could be to observe the town as it moved intricately through its day. By the use of a multiple, peripatetic set—I can think of no other term—the producer called up for us every household in the place; and I shall not read the text again without seeing blind Captain Cat aloft, or the Pughs—theoretical victim, theoretical poisoner—at table, or school-children at their singing games, or the Rev. Eli Jenkins coming down with his aubade, or Polly Garter singing on her knees, or Gossamer Beynon walking home from school, or the oil-lamps as they glimmer everywhere while night falls on the town.

No doubt "Under Milk Wood" will reach the stage again. It is much too tempting to remain a play for disembodied voices. Mr. Burnham has shown how it can be done. It will be long before I forget his way with the rhythms and cross-rhythms, his command of the whole complicated structure. Purists may say that it was a needless thing to do; but how glad, how very glad, I am to have seen it done!



"A REVIVAL, FOR A LIMITED RUN, OF GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S FARCE": "ROOM FOR TWO" (PRINCE OF WALES'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY, WITH (L. TO R.) CLARE BRODON (BERYL BAXTER), ROBERT BRODON (BILL FRASER), HUBERT CRONE (TERRY-THOMAS), THE DETECTIVE (RALPH NOSSEK) AND THE HOTEL MANAGER (RAYMOND DYER).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"HIPPOLYTUS" (O.U.D.S.).—The one-hundredth major production of the Oxford University Dramatic Society proved to be a mask-muffled tragedy of Euripides, produced in the Divinity School—the first time that a play had been done there. The acting was as good as Caspar Wrede's production would permit it to be; but it was not an experiment I shall recall with pleasure. (February 28–March 5.)

"UNDER MILK WOOD" (R.A.D.A.; Vanbrugh Theatre).—Edward Burnham, most ingeniously, brought to the stage Dylan Thomas's "Under Milk Wood" and all the swarming life of the town on that spring night and day. R.A.D.A. seniors acted with matching spirit. (March 7; matinée.)

"ROOM FOR TWO" (Prince of Wales's).—A revival, for a limited run, of Gilbert Wakefield's farce. Terry-Thomas appears in it, disguised as a lady's maid. (March 7.)

"IL TROVATORE" (Stoll).—In Sassoon's phrase, "Everyone suddenly burst out singing." There is nothing timid about the Italian opera company's attack, and the performance certainly kindled its hearers. (March 8.)



OPERATION SNOW-BLASTING, AND SOME VEHICLES OLD AND NEW.



BLASTING SNOW TO PREVENT AN AVALANCHE: THE SCENE AT SNAKE PASS, ON THE MANCHESTER-SHEFFIELD ROAD, AS WORKMEN MOVED THE SNOW WITH GELIGNITE. These photographs show blasting operations in progress on March 9 for the removal of a great mass of snow which overhung the Snake Pass on the Manchester-Sheffield road near Glossop. Bulldozers cleared the snow brought down on to the road by the blasts. About three-quarters of the overhanging snow, which threatened



OPERATION SNOW-BLASTING: THE SCENE AT SNAKE PASS AFTER THE FIRST GELIGNITE EXPLOSION DISTURBED THE HARD "CRUST" OF THE RIDGE. to start an avalanche, was removed on the first day of the blasting operations. This experiment of snow-blasting with gelignite in Derbyshire was the first of its kind to be carried out. Notices warned motorists that the road was closed and one read: "Beware expected avalanche."



CLAIMED TO BE THE WORLD'S FIRST MOTOR-CYCLE: THE 70-YEAR-OLD MACHINE MADE BY MERCEDES, SEEN AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW AT GENEVA. On March 10 M. Max Petitpierre, the President of the Confederation, opened the twenty-fifth International Motor Show at Geneva. Fourteen countries are represented, Britain contributing more than sixty different models, sixteen of which are fitted with engines of less than 1500-c.c. capacity. One of the smallest



ONE OF THE OLDEST CARS IN THE WORLD: THE FIRST CAR CONSTRUCTED BY THE MERCEDES COMPANY IN 1886 AND NOW ON VIEW AT GENEVA. being shown is in a special form exclusively for the Swiss market. The chairman of the organising committee, M. Roger Perrot, said that Switzerland had more than 500,000 motor-cars to-day. The number of exhibitors at the show, 638, has risen by 23 per cent. compared with last year.



DAMAGED IN ONE OF THE TOUGHEST MOTOR RALLIES: A BATTERED FORD ZEPHYR WHICH COMPETED IN THE FIFTH R.A.C. BRITISH INTERNATIONAL CAR RALLY. Many of the cars which completed the course in the fifth R.A.C. British International Car Rally, which was extremely arduous and tricky, owing to the difficult road conditions, were damaged in some way. The event, which ended at Hastings on March 13, was won by J. H. Ray and B. Horrocks, driving a Standard 10 saloon.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S SLEDGE-DRIVE IN HYDE PARK IN 1855: THE VEHICLE WHICH HER LATE MAJESTY USED, PRESERVED IN THE ROYAL MEWS, WINDSOR. On page 492 we reproduce our illustration of Queen Victoria's sledge-drive in Hyde Park in 1855, from our issue of February 24 of that year. The sledge used is preserved at Windsor. Wheels have been fitted so that it can be moved in the mews without difficulty. (By gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is uniquely trying to have to write about a novelist whose novels one can't tell apart. It has an ineradicable stamp of false pretences. For, of course, they must vary internally; to take the crudest line, some of them must be better than others—and if one can't even say which, what can one say to any purpose? Luckily, such writers are few, but there is no avoiding them, for they are always eminently "good." Or, at least, so I find—others may have a different set, or none at all. Possibly to some critics, "Mother and Son," by I. Compton-Burnett (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is an individual work, unlike its fellows, both in character and degree of merit. To me, alas, as usual, it is the old story. It has the old, unchanging formula: the country house in some Victorian limbo, the domestic polity, the holy tyrant at the helm, the lurid and yet ghostly upsurge of dramatic secrets—and, of course, the talk: the stilted, scarifying, amazing dialogue, with the asides to match. In this unbodied world, there are three population-groups: masters, domestics, "foreigners." (Children, said Emerson, are foreigners—"we treat them as such.") But in the present case, the servants' hall is thin, whereas the genteel hireling is a feature. She appears, straight off, to be looked over by the scourge—in this instance, Miranda Hume. Miranda has one son, a heavy, middle-aged baby, deplorable but good as gold. Also she has a husband, Julius; and Julius has three orphan protégés, his brother's children. In spite of which—and though Rosebery is not only a mother's boy, but a rapt squire of dames—she now wants a companion. But not Miss Burke; she has soon polished off Miss Burke. Which seems good-bye to her, until we learn that there are two unmarried ladies in the neighbourhood wanting a housekeeper. And then we know what to expect; this is the last bit of the formula, the "other house." Miss Burke gets the new job; one of her ladies (providentially "reduced") gets the companion's job; and when the households are well mixed, Miranda's death closes the first scene of the revelation-sequence. Then, all is motion for a while; everything comes unstuck, only to settle down again in the old place. The children are the same children as ever. The tutor is a social pendant to the housekeeper, only worse done by. Also, there is a most elaborate, Compton-Burnettish cat. From time to time I nearly felt something for Rosebery; and when Miss Wolsey, the "companion," lost her head, I felt solidarity was in the offing. Though whether it is wrong to hope these shades will become flesh and blood, or wrong not to react to them as such, I simply can't make out. As for the really vital element, the "criticism of life," it has its moments of fatigue—or else the brain has moments of fatigue—but it is always formidably brilliant.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Goat Boy," by Augusta Walker (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), will, beyond any doubt, be unconfusable with anything that comes after it. And in the past, I can remember nothing like it. There are no problems here—except the hopeless one of how to put it across, when its charm, depth and tenderness are so pellucid. It is the most elementary of little stories, written—I was about to say—in words of one syllable. That is, of course, an overstatement; yet it would certainly bewitch intelligent children (the normal kind, not those precocious little "foreigners") and may be partly meant for them. The scene is a poor Chinese village. One day, Beng Gow is out with the geese; there is a slight mishap, involving a teacher from the Big School—and he returns home with two baby goats. But they are famished, and can't graze; therefore he takes them quickly back to the Gow Sow, and the Gow Sow retains him, on a salary, to look after them. "So Beng Gow became a goatherd. His mother never understood it, although she was always explaining it to people."

And, later on, no one can understand the goats. They are famed far and wide; they romp all over Beng Gow, and run to everyone for a lichee or a banana, "almost like animals in a fairy-tale." In short, they are pet goats. Petting is not a Chinese custom; and animals "died very easily"—like the tethered kittens at a house near the Big School. But this child has the gift of empathy. Also, like all bright children, he is metaphysically-minded. . . . That may just indicate the theme; and for the tone, here is one early moment, with a girl herding the scattered geese: "Beng Gow looked back and saw her standing on the smoke-coloured landscape, touching gently here and there with her long wand, as though she were floating in a dream, and the grey geese were slowly drifting together."

"Private View," by Jocelyn Brooke (James Barrie; ros. 6d.), offers us not precisely fiction, but, as the jacket says, "four character sketches . . . in the style of managed autobiography." That is, it takes after *Some People*. There are two childhood figures: Alison Vyse, that small, abominable proof that love is blind, and the egregious Miss Wimpole, who had been an Actress. There is Gerald Brockhurst, the undergraduate who looked so steady and mature and went so wrong; and, finally, there is a Jewish refugee in uniform. As for their merits—they have been highly praised, and it is easy to see why. This is a grateful genre, up to a point; yet underneath, it seems to me acutely difficult, almost impossible to bring off. Brilliance, no less, is *de rigueur*; and short of that, one's teeth are liable to be set on edge. These sketches I should call intelligent, but mediocre. The writer has not tact enough; his "ego" is too doggedly displayed as a poor fish; and things are said to happen, "not surprisingly," rather too often.

"Seeds of Destruction," by Derrick Nabarro (Cassell; 9s. 6d.), is, in design, an Iron Curtain thriller about Eastern Germany. Morris, a "disappearing scientist," wants to get back; Granger is sent to fetch him; and Willi Rummel is the contact man. But they have run into internal crisis, and a baited trap. Herlich, who was the Government, is on his deathbed. The crops have failed; the Liberals are hoping to seize power; and for the Herlich-group, plots, sabotage, if possible rebellion, have become a need. This is good thriller-stuff, at a first glance; but it is actually a good deal more. It is a terse, thoroughly dramatised, yet human study of the Police State in action.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

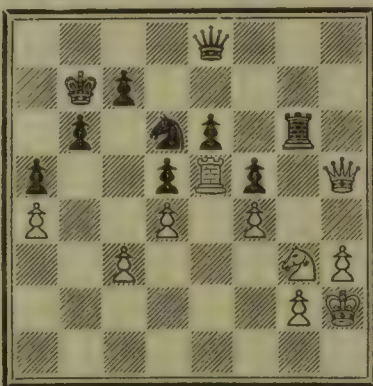
I HAVE finished what is likely to remain the biggest single task I shall ever tackle—my book of the World Championship Candidates' Tournament of October–November 1953. When I started, eighteen months ago, I thought I could assess the games with reasonable completeness and accuracy. Every day since has demonstrated anew to me how fathomless chess is and how unattainable the ideal of a chess book which will really say the last word.

The tournament aroused interest everywhere; I early determined to consult every traceable comment in the world's Press. I prepared an index which told me at a glance, each time I turned to a new game, who had written anything about it. Consulting this index, I could quickly gather together perhaps a book from Amsterdam, a magazine from New York, a newspaper cutting from Stuttgart, and so on, until twenty or thirty sources of references to the one game were piled ready for action.

And then I would make another index. This would show who had commented on each particular move. I then went through the game move by move, weighing comment against comment, analysis against analysis. Thus almost every leading writer on chess in the world has contributed indirectly to my book.

When, as happened comically often, two writers flatly contradicted each other, it was necessary to establish which was right. This often took longer than I liked; but this was only one aspect of a conflict between two factors which soon revealed themselves as incompatibles: speed and accuracy.

In last week's Notes I mentioned how a master often analyses one position all through the night. In this tournament were played 210 games which contained 16,575 moves. At least half these moves produced situations which merited hours of investigation. Simple arithmetic showed that, were I to devote, say, five hours to every other move, the book would not have come out until 1970. So I repeatedly had to wrench myself away from a fascinating analysis which had slid unnoticed into the second or third hour, and satisfy myself with compromise decisions—of which many will be wrong!



The diagrammed position arose in a game, Gligoric v. Keres, which received comparatively little attention, only Euwe (Amsterdam), Stahlberg (Stockholm), Hooper (London) in books and Richter and Teschner of Berlin in magazines, paying it much attention at all. Euwe and Stahlberg, two of the world's leading experts, made identically the same observation: "Keres could have won by 33... Kt-K5, as any move by the now twice-attacked knight loses White's queen by 34... R×Pch; 35. K×R, Q×Q." This seemed a sound comment; and made on what authority—by two of the world's leading experts, participants in the tournament! I accepted it, too casually. Luckily, I reproduced that game in my magazine. Within a week, two gifted amateurs, Messrs. B. J. Benjamin and P. Scull, wrote to point out the play: 33... Kt-K5(?), 34. Kt×P! R×Pch; 35. K×R, Q×Q; 36. Kt-Q6ch, P×Kt; 37. R×Q; "and White wins," they said. The last word? Not on your life! Examining 37... P-Kt4 now, I spent an hour and could have spent five, without convincing myself that White can adequately cope with Black's threat to queen a pawn on QR8.

the Rough Places" (Chatto and Windus; 15s.). Mrs. Gough is an archaeologist, a delightful writer and an efficient photographer. The places I perforce got to know in that lovely spring of 1943—Tarsus, Mersin, Adana—are brought to life for me through these pages, and as for the other parts of South Turkey which I do not know, she makes me wish to visit them. Can one say more of an unusual travel book?

This underwater exploration, hunting and photography gets more and more fascinating with each new book which appears. The latest is "The Blue Continent," by Felco Quilici (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 21s.), and tells the story of the Italian National Underwater Expedition to the Red Sea. The thing which strikes one most about it is the amazing quality of the coloured photographs with which the book is illustrated. I do not remember having seen anything finer, and the author and his photographers are greatly to be congratulated on the skill with which they have presented, for our delight, the queer, the exotic, the lovely and the dangerous denizens of the deep-blue sea.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## A CUP OF CANARY.

"IT is a little surprising," as Mr. Kenneth Hopkins writes in "The Poets Laureate" (Bodley Head; 18s.), "that the notion of keeping a salaried poet permanently on the Royal Household staff seems to have occurred to none of the kings of antiquity." For, as he justly observes, "the word of a king may determine life or death, but the word of a poet gives immortality." Nevertheless, the fact remains that, although Ben Jonson and Davenant can be regarded as precursors in the tradition of "Sir Geoffrey Chaucer, knight," and "Sir John Gower, knight," it was not until Dryden became formally the Poet Laureate in 1668 that the Laureateship can be said to date. Of the long line of Court poets my favourites remain Ben Jonson and Dryden. Not merely do they stand out head and shoulders above the other Laureates (with the exception of Tennyson), but they fought an admirable battle for the monarchs they served, Jonson for James I. and Charles I., Dryden for Charles II. I am sorry that in the extracts that Mr. Hopkins gives from the works of the poets, he does not include the admirable poem to King James mentioned by Aubrey, which concludes (I quote from memory, away from my *Brief Lives*):

God bless the Counsel of Estate  
And Buckingham, the fortunate.  
God bless them all and keep them safe,  
And God bless me and God bless Raph.

Of which Aubrey notes: "The King was mighty inquisitive to know who this Raph might be. Saith Ben Jonson, 'Twas the drawer at the Swanne Tavern near Charing Crosse who drew him the best Canarie in London. For this Drillerie the King gave B. Jonson one hundred pounds." The £100 must have been an *ad hoc* payment, as Jonson's patent of 1616 was for 100 marks, plus the "one Terse of Canary Spanish wyne yearly," which was to come from the King's own cellars and which the miserable Pye commuted for a cash payment. Under the Stuarts, as the letters of Jonson and Dryden show, payments to Court poets were distinctly irregular, for, as Matthew Prior noted:

From Homer to D . . . n it never was known  
That the Laureat had three Pence a Year of his own.

The later Laureates have not, on the whole, been either inspired or inspiring, and the amount of downright bad verse produced by them is astonishing only if one is surprised at the Muse, turned under-paid Civil Servant, producing poor stuff. Thomas Warton's lines on the subject of Leander swimming the Hellespont:

Thus to the swelling wave he spoke his woe,  
"Drown me on my return—but spare me as I go,"

may have been written at the age of nine, but some of his later productions were of a standard very little higher. Shadwell, Dryden's enemy and successor, and hero of the famous lines:

The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,  
But Shadwell never deviates into Sense,

is perhaps my favourite bad poet, and I am delighted that Mr. Hopkins quotes the "Ode on the Anniversary of the Queen's Birth." The Queen was Queen Mary and the date was 1689. The poem concludes with the splendid lines:

Our dear Religion, with our Laws defence,  
To God her Zeal, to Man Benevolence;  
Must her above all former Monarch raise  
To be the everlasting Theme of Praise;  
No more shall we the great *Eliza* boast,  
For her Great Name in Greater *Mary's* will be lost.

A pleasing book.

Whether "God's Country and Mine," by Jacques Barzun (Gollancz; 18s.), will please everybody, either in the United States or Europe, is very doubtful, but then it is not intended to do so. Mr. Barzun, who is a Frenchman who emigrated to America as a child, has a sub-title, "A Declaration of Love Spiced with a Few Harsh Words." He has as many harsh words for European critics of America as he has for some of the foibles of his adopted fellow-countrymen, but even the harshness is good-humoured and proceeds from understanding and affection. Indeed, I know of few descriptions which better give the "feel" of the United States than his opening chapter on the size and variety of the country—a chapter one would like to quote in full. When he is dissecting his fellow-citizens ("We Americans") he is at his wittiest. A delightful book, which I would recommend particularly to those who make after-dinner speeches on Anglo-American relations.

At one stage in the war the disquieting sight of a flaming engine (it was a twin-engined 'plane) landed me at Adana, in South Turkey, en route for Ankara. A case of plague in the Taurus Express, and other circumstances, combined to hold me up in that part of Asia Minor which, in the innocent past, we used to call "the Sanjak of Alexandretta." Once I had reconciled myself to this exasperation, I must confess I spent a most agreeable ten days in that most agreeable part of the world. The memory of it has been brought back vividly to me by Mrs. Mary Gough in "The Plain and

E. D. O'BRIEN.



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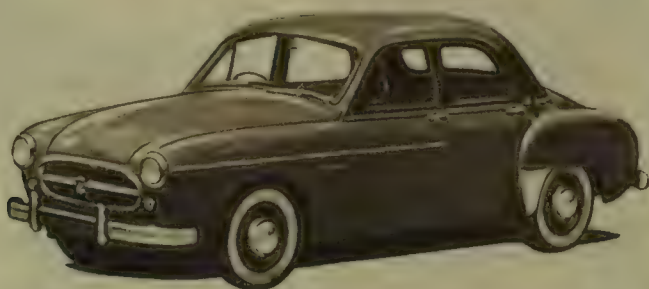
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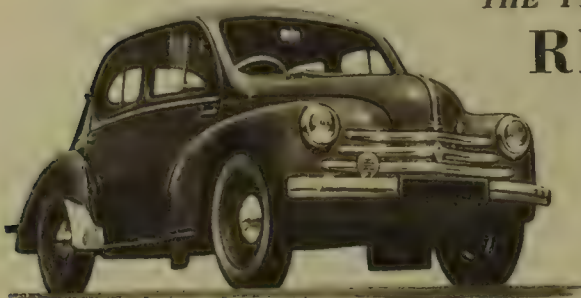
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	Whiteness Hotel, W.2	PAD 2051 A
MARLOW (Bucks)	*The Compleat Angler Hotel	915 C
OXFORD (Oxford)	*Cotswold Lodge Hotel	Bletchington 60 B
	*Weston Manor Hotel	
OXFORD (Surrey)	Hoskins Arms Hotel	11 A
RICHMOND (Surrey)	Morshead Hotel	4676 A
	Hotel Stuart	2346 A
SURBITON (Surrey)	Southampton Hotel	Elmbridge 1897 A
TWYFORD (Berks)	*Grove Hall Hotel	106 C
WINDSOR (Berks)	*White Hart Hotel	521 B

S.W. & W. ENGLAND		Phone
BATH (Somerset)	*Limpley Stoke Htl.	Limpley Stoke 3229 B
BERKELEY (Glos)	Berkeley Arms Hotel	291 A
BOVEY TRACEY (Devon)	*Colehayes Park Hotel	329811 A
	Edgemoor Hotel	2166 A
BRISTOL (Glos)	*Grand Hotel	21645 B
	Grand Spa Hotel	38955 C
BRIXHAM (Devon)	*Comble Bank Hotel	236911 C
CARLYON BAY (Cornwall)	*Carlyon Bay Hotel	Par 404 B
CHAGFORD (Devon)	Mill End Hotel (and Farm)	2282 A
CHELTENHAM (Glos)	*Belle Vue Hotel	345411 B
CLOVELLY (Devon)	New Inn Hotel	303 A
DAWLISH (Devon)	Brooklands Hotel	2226 A
DULVERTON (Somerset)	Lamb Hotel	9 A
EXETER (Devon)	*Rougmont Hotel	54985 B
	*Royal Clarence Hotel	58464 C
EXMOUTH (Devon)	Devoncourt Hotel	2277 C
	Dolforan Hotel	3105 A
FALMOUTH (Cornwall)	Greenbank Hotel	440 B
	Madeira Hotel	140 B
	Hotel St. Michaels	707 C
FOWEY (Cornwall)	*The Fowey Hotel	253 C
	Penquite House Hotel (Golant)	124 C
ILFRACOMBE (Devon)	Hotel Alexandra	736 A
	*Runnacleave Hotel	581 B
INSTOW (Devon)	Marine Hotel	88 A
LAMORNA COVE (Cornwall)	Lamorna Cove Hotel	St. Buryan 295 A
LOOE (Cornwall)	*Naizee Point Hotel	24 B
LYNMOUTH (Devon)	*The Tors Hotel	Lynton 3236 B
MELKSHAM (Wilts)	Sandridge Park Hotel	3388 C
MINEHEAD (Somerset)	*York House Hotel	295 A
	*York House Hotel	37 C
MORTEHOE (Devon)	*Hillside Cottage Hotel	Woolacombe 47 B
NEUQUAY (Cornwall)	*Headland Hotel	2211 C
	Pentire Hotel	2334 B
	Trelawny Hotel	2473 B
NORTH BOVEY (Devon)	Manor House Hotel	Moretonhampstead 355 C
PADSTOW (Cornwall)	*Treyarnon Bay Hotel	St. Merryn 235 C
PLYMOUTH (Devon)	*Duke of Cornwall Hotel	66256 C
ST. IVES (Cornwall)	Chy-an-Drea Hotel	76 A
	The Garrack Hotel	199 A
	Tregenna Castle Hotel	254 C
ST. MAWES (Cornwall)	*Idle Rocks Hotel	326 B
SIDMOUTH (Devon)	*Fortfield Hotel	903 B
SWANAGE (Dorset)	Grand Hotel	2245 B

TAUNTON (Somerset)	Phone
*The Castle Hotel	2671 B
THURLESTONE (Devon)	382 C
TINTAGEL (Cornwall)	
Wharndcliffe Arms Hotel	393 A
TIVERTON (Devon)	
*Hartnoll Country House Hotel	2777 A
TORQUAY (Devon)	
*Grand Hotel	2234 C
*Imperial Hotel	4301 B
The Nethway	215111 A
*Oswalds Hotel	88420 A
*Palace Hotel	2271 B
*San Remo Hotel	3760 C
*Westcombe Hotel	4082 A
VERYAN (Cornwall)	
*Pendower Hotel	257 B
WESTON-SUPER-MARE (Somerset)	
Addington Hotel	297 A
*Cabot Hotel	1205 A
*Grand Atlantic Hotel	1533 B
*Rozel Hotel Ltd.	561 A
WINCANTON (Somerset)	
Holbrook House Hotel	2377 C
YELVERTON (Devon)	
Moorland Links Hotel	345 C
Rock Hotel	653 C

S. & S.E. ENGLAND		Phone
BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA (Kent)	*Minnis Bay Hotel	Thanet 41235 B
BOGNOR REGIS (Sussex)	*Rock Gardens Hotel	500 B
BOURNEMOUTH (Hants)	Belgravia Hotel	857 A
	Bourne Hall	Westbourne 63333 C
	The Carlton Hotel	6560 C
	*Chine Hotel	Boscombe 36234 A
	*The Cliffside Hotel, Eastcliff	5725 A
	Crag Head Hotel	7227 C
	*Dunliff Hall Hotel	4646 B
	Empress Hotel	3055 A
	*Grand Hotel	7088 C
	*Heathlands Hotel	6350 A
	*Highcliff Hotel	7210 C
	*Hinton Firs Hotel	5409 A
	Imperial Hotel	1529 C
	*Marsham Court	6780 C
	Toft House Hotel	3224 B
	Westminster Hall Hotel	1559 B
	*Winterbourne Hotel Ltd.	4927 A
BRACKLESHAM BAY (Sussex)	*Bracklesham Bay Hotel	326 C
BRIGHTON (Sussex) See Hove	*Arnold House Hotel	25055 A
	*The Bedford Hotel	27184 C
	*Grand Hotel	23211 C
BURLEY (Hants)	*Burley Manor Hotel	3114 B
EASTBOURNE (Sussex)	*Burlington Hotel	2724 C
	*Cavendish Hotel	2740 C
	The Cumberland Hotel	4200 C
	*Grand Hotel	1600 C
	*Lansdowne Hotel	3400 B
	*Queen's Hotel	2800 C
	*Seaview Hotel	4870 C
	*Sussex Hotel	2996 B
E. WITTERING nr. Chichester (Sussex)	*Shore Hotel	West Wittering 3245 C
FOLKESTONE (Kent)	Barrelle Hotel	51387 A
	*The Burlington	4663 C
	*The Continental/Wampach	51241 A
	*Hotel Lyndhurst	51941 C
	*Lismore Hotel	2717 A
FRESHWATER BAY (Isle of Wight)	Dimbola Private Hotel	421 A
HASTINGS (Sussex)	Fairlight Cove Hotel	Pett 2209 C
	*Yelton Hotel	2240 C
HOVE (Sussex) See Brighton	*Dudley Hotel	36266 C
	*Sackville Court Hotel	36292 C
LITTLEHAMPTON (Sussex)	Beach Hotel	727 B
LYMINGTON (Hants)	*Angel Hotel	2050 A
	Londesborough Hotel	3088 A
PULBOROUGH (S. Downs)	Chequers Hotel (W. Sussex)	86 B
RYDE (Isle of Wight)	Spencer's Inn	3301 C
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA (Sussex)	*The Alexandra Hotel	Hastings 602 C
SANDGATE (Kent)	*Royal Norfolk Hotel	Folkestone 78262 A
SANDOWN (Isle of Wight)	*Ocean Hotel	500 B
SHANKLIN (Isle of Wight)	Hollier's Hotel	2764 A
	*Melbourne-Ardenlea Hotel	2283 A
	*Monteagle Hotel	2722 C
	*The Shanklin Hotel	2286 B
SOUTHAMPTON (Hants)	*Hamton House Hotel	24466 A
SOUTHSEA (Hants)	*Queens Hotel	Portsmouth 74411 B
	*Solent Hotel	Portsmouth 31229 B
STORRINGTON (W. Sussex)	Abingworth Hall	West Chilmington 2257 A
TUNBRIDGE WELLS (Kent)	Calverley Hotel	2734 C
	*Spa Hotel	20331 B
	Vale Royal Hotel	580 A
VENTNOR (Isle of Wight)	*Ventnor Towers Hotel	277 A
WESTGATE-ON-SEA (Kent)	*Sea Grange Hotel	Thanet 31698 A
WORTHING (Sussex)	Bath Hotel	1106 C
	Beach Hotel	4000 C
	*Warnes Hotel	2222 C



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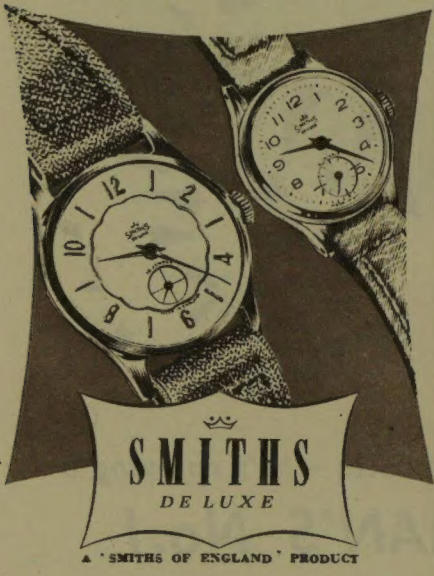


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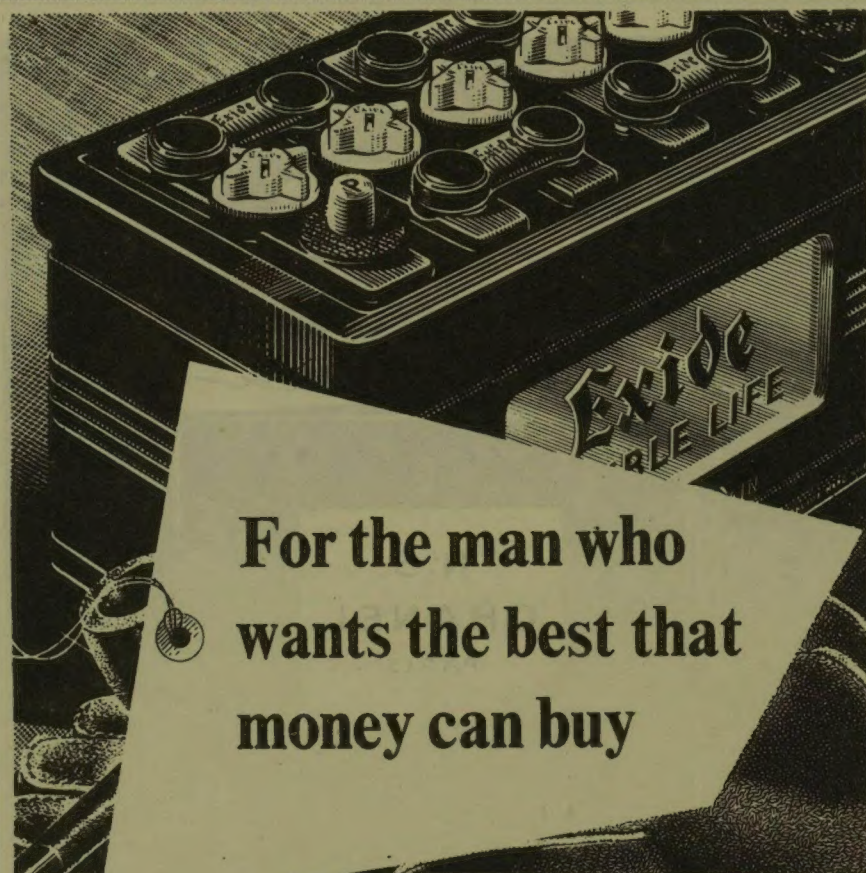
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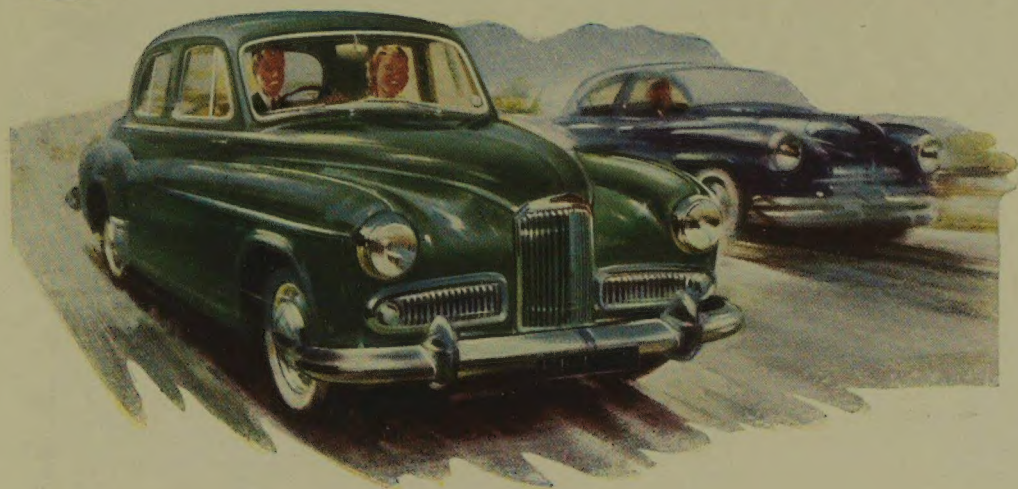
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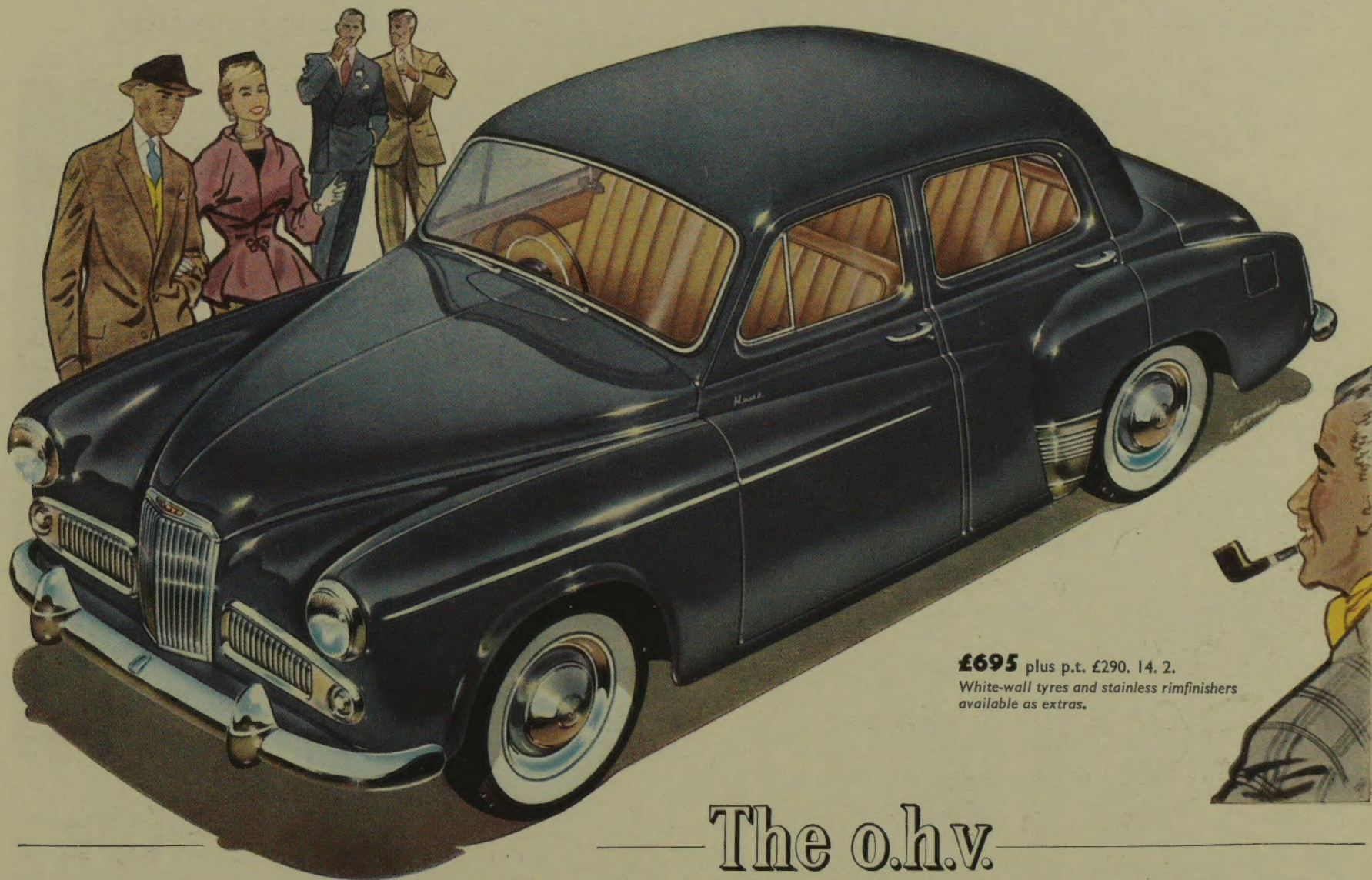
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